W. 438.

THE

Logick Primer.

W. 438.

Some Logical Notions to initiate the *INDIANS* in, the knowledge of the Rule of Reason; and to know how to make use thereof.

Especially for the Instruction of such as are Teachers among them.

Composed by *J. E.* for the use of the *Praying Indians.*

The use of this Iron Key is to open the rich Treasury of the holy Scriptures.

PROV. 1.4. *To give subtilty to the simple; to the young man knowledge and discretion.*

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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THese few short Logicall Notions are onely for a Thrid, to lead my Readings to them, and to guide them to follow me through the principal and most usefull Principles, whereby they may be in some measure enabled to understand, open, and improve the plain things of the Kingdome of Christ Jesus revealed in the Scriptures. And touching these Notes, I may say as the Eunuch

ſaid to Philip, *Acts* 8.31. How can I underſtand them, unleſs ſome man ſhould guide me? *Lord Jeſus help me to help them, that they may come to the knowledge of thy Truth; What I have done is weak. To form* Words of Art, *is a work that requireth time and judgement. I have adventured to break the ice; Lord raiſe more able Workmen to follow, and to mend both the Foundation and Building.*

Anomayag

Logick.

Anomayag.

Logick the Rule,
ANomayag ne kukkuhwheg,
where by every thing,
ne naſhpe niſhnoh teag, kah
every Speech is compoſed,
niſhnoh kekeookaonk mooowa-
analyſed,
moo, kah kogáhkenaánumoomoo,
or opened to be
aſuh woſhwunumoooo wahtam-
known.
unak.

Of Logick three parts.

Anomayag niſhwe chippai.

Firſt part teacheth us

1. Negonne chippai kukkuhkoo-
ſingle No-
tomunkqun ſiyeumooe wahit-
tions.
tumooaſh.

Second part teacheth

2. Nahohtoeu chippai kukkuh-
us bindingly to
kootomunkqun moappiſſue moeh-
compoſe Notions, to
teauunat wahittumooukiſh, ayim-
make every kinde of Propo-
unat niſhnoh eiyane pakodtit-
ſition.
tumoonk.

3. Niſhwe

Third part teacheth

3. Niſhwe chippai kukkuhkoo-
us to compoſe
tomunkqnn moéhteauunat pa-
Propoſitions, by
kodtittumoongaſh, naſhpe mo-
bonds, binding
appiſſuongaſh, kah moappiſſue
words, to make
kuttoowongaſh, ayimunat keke-
a Speech.
tookontamóonk.

A Speech two fold.

Keketookontamóonk neeſe chip-
piſſu.

Firſt Syllogiſtical,

1. Negonne oggusanukoowae,
arguing.
wequohtóonk.

2. Nahohtoeu

Second Large,

2. Nahohtoeu ſepapwoaeu koh-

orderly diſcourſe.

kônumukiſh kekeeookaongaſh.

Theſe ſeen

Yeuſh naumukiſh *Gen.*1,1,2.

Theſe words are ſingle

Yeuſh kuttoowongaſh ſiyeumoe

Notions.

wahittumooaſh.

God, created, in begenning,

God, ayum, weskekutchiſſik,

heaven, earth: earth, not

keſuk, ohke: ohke, matta kuk-

formed, nothing

kenauuneunkquttinno, monteag-

in it; darkneſs, upon

wuninno; pohkennum, woskeche

deep? the Spirit of God moved

moonóe: Naſhauanit, popom-

ſhau

upon *waters.*
ſhau, woskeche, nippekontu.
Theſe *words* *binding*
Yeuſh kuttowongaſh moappiſſue
words.
kuttoowongaſh:
And, *was,* *or,* *again,* *but,*
Kah, mo, aſuh, wonk, qut,
another, *like,* *for,* *but,*
onkatuk, netatup, newutche, webe,
as, *in,* *ſo,* *the,* *for this cauſe*
neane, ut, nemehkuh, ne, newaj,
is it.
ſun, &c.
By *theſe* *ſingle*
Naſhpe yeuſh ſiyeumooe wa-
Notions *four* *Pro-*
hittumooaſh yauunaſh pakodtit-
poſitions *compoſed.*
tumooongaſh moappiſſuaſh.

In beginning created

1. Weske kutchiſſik ayum God

heaven earth This affirmative

keſuk kah ohke. Ne noowae

general Propoſition.

wameyeue pakodtittumooonk.

Earth was not formed

2. Ohke mo matta kuhkenauin-

nothing in it.

neunkquttinno, & monteagwun-

This Negative ſpecial

inno. Ne quenoowae nanaſiyeue

compound Propoſition.

neeſepiskue pakodtittumóonk.

Darkneſs upon deep

3. Pohkenum woskeche moonói.

This Affirmative general Pro-

Ne noowae wameyeue pakodtit-

poſition.

tumooonk.

4. Naſhauanit

Spirit moved

4. Naſhauanit popomſhau woſ-
upon waters. This Affirmative
keche nippekontu. Ne noowae
general Propoſition.
wameyeue pakodtittumooonk.
All ſingle Notions are
Wame ſiyeumooe wahittumoo-
Pairs which in-
aſh nequtayittumooaſh niſh we-
lighten each other, th m onely.
quohtoadtumooaſh, & niſh webe.

Twenty Notional
Neeſneechagquottaſh wahittum-
Pairs,
ooe nequtayittumooaſh, kah
two parts.
neeſe chippiſſuaſh.

1. Na-

Some agree together.

1. Nawhutche weetooadtumooaſh

Some diſſent from each other.

2. Nawhutche chachauboomooaſh

Theſe conſenting

Yeuſh weetooadtumooe nequt-

Pairs.

ayittuaſh.

Cauſe.

1. Ne ohteauahteunkiſh.

Cauſed

kah nawamoouk.

Subject.

2. Noh wadchanuk.

Adjunct.

Nene wadchiik.

Notation by name.

3. Wuttinnoowae weſuonk.

The named.

Ne weſuonganuoouk.

Paſuk

Conjugats.

4. Paſukqunneetumooaſh.

Equals in quantity.

5. Tatupukkukqunaſh.

Equals in number

6. Tatupehtaſhinaſh.

Like in quality.

7. Tatupinneunkquodtaſh.

Whole

8. Mamuſſeyeuoouk.

Parts.

Chaupag.

General.

Wameyeuoouk.

9. *Special*

Nanaſeyeuoouk.

Definition.

Neteagwunnuoouk.

10. *Defined*

Neaunak.

Cha-

Diviſion.

11 Chachaubenumoouk.

The Divided.

Chachaupag.

Relates.

12 Tohquauwadtuog.

Teſtimony.

13 Wauwaonk.

The thing teſtified.

Ne wauwamoouk.

Theſe diſſenting Notions.

Yeuſh chachauboomooe wahittumooaſh.

More great.

1 Nano mohſag.

Then that leſs.

Onk ne peaſik.

Nano

Lesser.

Nano peasik.

2 *Then that greater.*

Onk ne mohsag.

Unlike.

3 Mattatupinneunkquodtash.

Diverse.

4 Chippinneunkquodtash.

Contraries.

5 Penooanittumooash.

Contradicters.

6 Pannoowohtoadtuash.

Destroyers of each other.

7 Pagwanittuash.

First Pair concerning Causes. These four

Negonne nequtayittuonk papaume ohteauahteunkish. Nish yaunnash.

Efficient.

1 Noh kesteunk.

Matter.

2 Neteagoooonk.

Form.

3 Nehenwoncheyeuoouk, & ne anakausuahteunk.

End.

4 Newajeyeuoouk.

The caused sometimes named

Nawamoouk moomansh ussowee-

by the cause

tamun nashpe ne ohteauahteunk

where by it is made known.

ne nashpe wahteauwahettumoo.

This see

Ne naumuk

Heaven earth

Gen. 1. 1. Kesuk kah ohke nish kesteomukish,

Effects, because made
kesteomukish, newutche wahet-
known by the Efficient.
tumooash nashpe noh kesteunk;
called the
Gen. 6. 14. Ark hettamun ne-
mattered, because ar-
teagwassinnuoouk, newutche wa-
gued by the Matter,
hittumoo nashpe ne teagoooouk,
wood Pitch.
Gopher mehtug kah pittu.
called
Gen. 6. 15. Ark ussoweetamun
the thing formed
nehenwonche yeuoouk kah ne
because ar-
anakausuahteunk, newutche wa-
gued by its Form;
hittumoo nashpe wuttinteauonk;

ſo long, *ſo broad,*
neſahteag, neanoohquekiſhkag,
ſo high.
kah ne anooqueſpoonohkog.

Veſſels for their end
*Rom.*9.21. Wiſhquaſh wajteau-
or uſe, *one* *to honour,*
unaſh, puſuk quttianatamunat,
and but *to diſhonour.*
onkatuk miſhanantamunat.

The Efficient two fold.
Noh kesteunk neeſechippiſſu.

The Principal.
1 Noh nahnaunneyeuoouk.

The Inſtrument where by
2 Auwohteaonk ne naſhpe
he wrought.
wutuſſen.

the principal
*Pſal.*33.6. God nahnauneyeuoo
noh

Efficient. *his word*

noh kesteunk, ukkuttoobnk, ne

Instrument. *So*

wutauwohteaonk. Netatup 1 *Sam.* 17.49. *Judg.* 15.15. *Exod.* 22.24. *Psal* 2.2

Efficients sometimes two.

Neg kesteunkig moomansh neesuog. 1 *Sam.* 14.14.

Sometimes many.

Moomansh moonaog, 2 *Sam.* 1.4. 2 *Sam* 5 3.

Sometimes accidentally doth it.

Moomansh koshkome wutussen. *Deut* 4 42. *Deut* 19.5.

Two Causes

Neesinash ohteauahteunkish

outward woskecheyeuooash { *The Efficient* Noh kesteunk. *The End.* Newajeyeuoouk.

The End from cometh
Wajeyeuooue wutch oomoooo
the heart of the principal
wuttahhut nahnaunneyeue noh
Efficient therefore he did work
kesteunk, kah newaj ukkesteauun
that Effect.
ne kesteunk. *Gen.*6.19.& 2.8,15.
*Numb.*10.2. *Exod.*25.8.

Ends sometimes
Newajeyeuukish moomansh moo-
many but the chief is the last
naash, qut nahnaunneyeuoo majish
great End, the
kah ne mohsag wajeyeuoouk, ne
glory of
wussohsumóonk God, 1 *Cor.*10.32

The two other Can-
Nesinash onkatoganash ohteau-
ahteunkish

ſes internall theſe
ahreunkiſh anomiyeuaſh, kah niſh
from cometh the Eſſence
wutch ꝏnoꝏo wutohtóork kah
Being of the cauſed.
wurteagwaſſinóonk ne nawamoo-
uk. *Exod.*25.36,37,38,39,40.

The Matter is firſt;
Teagoo ouk negonneyeuoo, kah
the general matter
wameyeue wurteagwaſſinóonk
of the cauſed hence cometh.
nawamoouk newutch ꝏnoꝏo.
1 *Sam.*6. 4,17,18. *Numb.* 10. 2.
*Gen.*2.7.

Matter in two fold
Teagooouk neeſe chippiſſue
Notion
wahittumoo.

The first, remote

1 Negonneyeue, kah noadtap-
Matter

pue teagoooonk.

The last nearest

2 Majish kah paswappue te-
Matter.

agoonk. *Eccles.*3.20. with *Job* 19.26. *Exod.*25.3,4,5,6,7.

The Form that distinguisheth and

Nehenwoncheyeuoouk kah ana-
causeth action, is an internall

kausuahteunk, ne anomiyeue oh-
Cause, where by it

teauahteunk, ne nashpe nehen-
is distinguished, and

wonche chachaubappu, kah ana-
acteth to do that which it is made for.

kausu ussenat ne wajeyeuoouk, *Ex.*25 10,16,17. *Eph.*2.21,22. *Col.*2 19. *Eph.*4.16.

Nith

Every thing its good acting
Niſh noh teag wunanakauſuonk
from cometh the form,
wutch ꝏmoꝏo nehenwonche-
therefore the form
yeuꝏouk, & newaj nehenwonche-
is the moſt excellent cauſe.
yeuꝏouk nukkome ohteauahteunk

Concerning the cauſed.
Papaume nawamoouk.

The cauſed inlighten
Nawamooukiſh wequohtauumaſh
the Cauſes whence they
niſh ohteauahteunkiſh, niſh wutch
come
ꝏmooaſh. *Gen. cap.* 1. wame *Job* 36. weehque wohkukquoſſik ne book, manaaſh Pſalmſaſh, *Pſal.* 136. pannuppu.

Na-

The ſecond Pair.

2 Nahohtoeu nequtayittuonk.

The Subject inlighteneth

Noh wadchanuk wequohtauun

the Adjunct: two fold.

nenewadchiik: kah neeſe chippai.

The Subject receiving

1 Noh attumunont, *Gen.*6.5.

The Object.

2 Ne adt aſemuk, *Gen.*6.2.

The Adjunct inlightneth or argueth

Nene wadchiik newequohtauun

the Subject two fold

noh wadchanuk, & neeſe chippai.

That which is joyned to the Subject.

1 Ne moſogquehtunk wadcha-
nukqut.

The Act upon the Object

2 Uſſeonk ut ne adt aſemuk.
*Gen.*1.2. *Pſal.*1.1.

3 Naſhwe

Third Pair.

3 Naſhwe nequtayittuonk.

Notation of the name

Wuttinnoowaeweſuonk ne we-

argueth the thing named

quohtauun noh weſuonganuoouk.

This ſee

Ne naumuk *Mat.* 1. 21. 23. *Gen.* 29. 32, 33. 34, 35 *Gen.* 30. 18—24 *Gen.* 35. 18.

Fourth Pair.

4 Yaue nequtayittuonk.

Conjugats which ar-

Paſukqunneetumoouaſh niſh we-

gue each other.

quohtoadtumoouaſh. 2 *Tim.* 3. 13. *Titus* 3. 3. *Rom.* 3. 26.

Fifth Pair.

5 Napanna tahſhe nequtayittuonk

Tatupuk-

Equals in bigneſs *argue*
Tatupukkukqunaſh, niſh wequa-
each other.
hettumooukiſh. *Pſal.*36.6. *Pſal.*
103.11. *Ezra* 9.6. *Exod.*30.34.

Sixth *Pair.*
6 Nequtta tahſhe nequtayittuonk
Equals in number *argue*
Tatupehtaſhinaſh niſh wequoh-
each other.
toadtumooukiſh. *Gen.*15.5. *Gen.*
22.17. *Gen.*32.12. *Gen.*42.49.

Seventh *Pair*
7 Neſauſuktahſhe nequtayittuonk
Things like in quality *which*
Tatupinneunkquſſumoouſh niſh
illuſtrate each other.
wequahettumooukiſh. *Pſa.*37.35.
1 *Pet.*2.2. *Pro.*26.9. *Exod.*16.31.

Wame

All *Parables*

Wame ogqueneunkquſſuongaſh.

Eighth *Pair*

8 Shoſuk tahſhe nequtayittuonk.

Whole *parts*

Mamuſſeyeuoouk kah chaupig

which *illustrate each other.*

niſh wequohtoadtumoouſh. 1 *Kin.* 6.38. 1 *Cor.* 12.12,14,20 *Rom.* 3.12. weehque 19. *Mat.* 3.5. *Pſal.* 33.7. *Gen.* 1.9.

Ninth *Pair.*

9 Paskoogun tahſhe nequtayit.

General *Spicial*

Wameyeuoouk & nanahſeyeuoo-

argue each other.

ukiſh niſh wequahettumoouſh. *Pſal.* 8.6.7.8. *Pſal.* 50.10,11. *Job* 1.3. *Gen.* 13.2. *Gen.* 2.9.

Piuk

Tenth Pair

10 Piuk nequtayittuonk.

Definition defined

Neteagwunnuoouk kah neaunak,

argue each other

nish wequahertumoo.sh. *Gen.*2.7. 1*Cor.*15.45. 1*Tim.*6.3. *Heb.*11.1.

Eleventh Pair.

11 Nabo nequt nequtayittuonk.

Diuision the divided

Chachaubenumoonk & chachau-

illustrate each other.

pag nish wequohtohittumooash. *Gen.*1.6, 14, 18. *Gen.*49.7, 27. *Josh.* 13.6, 7. *Josh.*18.5.

Twelfth Pair.

12 Nabo neese nequtayittuonk.

Relates argue each other.

Tohquauwadtuog wequohhettuog. *Mal.*1.6. *Col.*3.18——22.

All Pairs are

Wame nequtayittuonaſh toh-

Relates.

quauwadtumoaſh.

Thirteenth Pair

13 Nabo niſhwe nequtayittuonk.

witneſs the witneſſed.

Wauwaonk kah ne wauwamoouk.

Acts 10.43. *Rom.* 1.9. & 2.25. & 8.16.

Scripture proofs are

Wurtinnoowae provyeuongaſh

Teſtimonies

wauwamooaſh. *Rom.* 12 19.

Diſſenting Notions.

Chachaaboomooe wahittumooaſh.

Firſt Pair.

1 Negonne nequtayittuonk.

More great, then that leſs:

Nano mohſag, onk ne peaſik:

niſh

these are argue each other.

niſh wequohtoadtumooaſh. *Pſal.* 40.12. & 69.4. *Prov.* 11.31. with 1 *Pet.* 4.18. *Mat.* 6.30. *Luk* 7.26. *Rom.* 5. 9,10,17,20. *Phil.* 1. 14. 1 *Pet.* 1.7.

Second Pair.

2 Nahohtoéu nequtayittuonk.

The leſſer, then that greater;

Nano peaſik, onk ne mohſag;

which are argue each other.

niſh wequohtoadtumooaſh. *Gen.* 31.10. *Eph.* 3.18. *Ezra* 9.13. *Job* 11.6. *Prov.* 17.7. & 19.10. *Iſa.* 40.17. 1 *Cor.* 12.23. *Job* 25.5,6. 2 *Cor*, 12.15.

Third Pair.

3 Niſhwe nequtayittuonk.

Niſhwe

Unlike each other,

Mattatupinneunkquſſumuṇoo,

which argue each other.

riſh wequohtoadtumooaſh, *Pſal.* 32.9. *Exod.* 15.11. *Deut.* 4.32,33, 34. 1 *Sam.* 26 15. 1 *King.* 10.20. & 18.44. 2 *Kin.* 13.7. *Job* 20.7. *Pſal.* 1.3.

Fourth Pair

4 Yaue nequtayittuonk.

Diverſe, which

Chippinneunkquodtaſh, niih we-

argue each other.

quohtoadtumoonkiſh. *Gen.* 40 23. *Lev.* 26. 18,44. *Deut.* 1.32. & 29. 4. *Judg.* 10.13. *Jam.* 2.10,11. *Gal.* 2.20. *Hab.* 3.18. *Heb.* 4.15.

Fifth Pair

5 Napanna tahſhe nequtayittuonk

Contraries, which argue

Penooanittumooaſh, niſh wequoh-

each other.

toadtumooaſh. *Lev* 26.21,23,24, 27,28,40,44. *Ezek.* 16.34. *Mat.* 14.24. *Acts* 17.7. & 26.9. *Gal.* 5.17. *Rom.* 11.24.

Sixth Pair.

6 Nequtta tahſhe nequtayittuonk

Contradicters, which

Pannoowohtoadtumooaſh, niſh

argue each other.

wequohtoadtumooaſh. *Act.* 13.45.

Seventh Pair.

7 Neſauiuk tahſhe nequtayit.

Deſtroyers, which illuſtrate

Pagwanittumooaſh, niſh wequoh-

each other

toadtumooaſh. *Rom.* 6.2. *Luk.* 15. 32.

32. *Joh.*9.25. *Mat.*11.5. *Eph.*5.
14. *Rom.*13.12. *Eph.*2.5.

Hitherto the first Logick
Yeu wehque negonne Anomayag
Part
chippai.

Second part teacheth
Nahohtoeu chippai kukkuhkoo-
us bindingly to
tomunkqun moappiſſue moeh-
compoſe Notions, to
teauunat wahittumooukiſh, ayim-
make every kinde of Propo-
unat niſhnoh eiyane pakodtit-
ſitions.
tumooonk.

Propoſitions many
Pakodtittumooongaſh moocheke
fold.
chippaiyeuaſh.

Every	*Pro-*	*Affirmed, or*
1 Nishnoh	pakod-	Noowae, asuh
position is		*Negative.*
tittumooonk		Quenoowae.

		True, or
Both		Wunnomwae, asuh
2 Naneeswe		*False.*
		Pannoowae.

	General	*Pro-*
And	Wameyeue	pakodtit-
3 Wonk	*positions*	*or*
all	tumooongash;	asuh
wame	*Special*	
	Nanahsiyeue.	

	Single	*Propo-*
Again	Pasukooe	pakodtittum-
4 Wonk	*sitions;*	*or*
all	oongash;	asuh
wame	*Compounded.*	
	Neesepiskue.	

Neese-

Compounded Propoſitions

Neeſepiskue pakodtittumooong-

two fold.

aſh, neeſe chippai.

Conjunct Propoſitions

1 Moehteaue pakodtittumooonk

by bonds; as

naſhpe moappiſſuonk; ḳah, woṅk, netatup, newutch, &c.

Disjunct Pro-

2 Chachaubenumooe pakodtit-

poſition, by a disjoyning

tumooonk, naſhpe chachaubap-

word; as

piſſuonk; aſuh, qut, matta, &c.

Theſe ſee

Yeuſh naumukiſh

Neither he hath ſinned,

Joh.9. 3. Matta yeuoh matcheſu,

aer his parents : the Efficient
aſuh oochetuonguh : noh keſte-
and Effect. Efficients
unk kah ne keſteomuk. Keſteunk-
two ; Compoſed, oy
ig neeſuog ; moappiſſuog, naſhpe
a Negative, Special, Compound,
quenoowae, nanaſiyeue, neeſepiſ-
Disjunct Pro-
kue, chachaubenumooe pakodtit-
poſition.
tumooonk.

Again, But that the works
Wonk, Qut wutche anakauſu-
of may be made known
ongaſh God woh wahukqutaſh
in him. The End the
yeu ut. Wajeyeuoouk kah ne
Ended compoſed in affirmative,
wajteauſik moappiſſuog noowae,
nane.

ſpecial, ſingle Propo-
nanaſiyeue, paſukooe pakodtit-
ſition
tumooonganir.

I muſt do the
*Ver.*4. Mooche nutuſſen wutana-
works of him that ſent me,
kauſuongaſh noh anoonukqueh,
while day. The Efficient,
aſh keſukod. Noh kelteunk, kah
the Effect. the Act the
ne kelteomuk, uſſeonk kah ne adt
Object, the Adjunct
aſemuk, kah ne wadchiyeue ah-
Time: All theſe No-
quompi: wame yeuſh wahittu-
tions compoſed in affirmative,
mooaſh moappiſſuaſh noowae,
ſpecial, ſingle propoſition.
nanaſiyeue, paſukooe pakodtittu-
mooonganit.

Again. Night cometh, then
Wonk, nukkon peyaumoo, neit
none can work The
woh mo howan anakauſu. Noh
Subject Adjunct
wadchanuk kah nenewadchiik
compoſed in a Negative, gene-
moappiſſuaſh quenoowae, wame-
rall, ſingle propoſition.
yeue, paſukooe pakodtittumoo-
onganit.

Acts two,
Ver. 5. Uſſeongaſh neeſinaſh, kah
Objects compoſed in
niſh adt aſemukiſh moappiſſuaſh
Affirmative ſpecial propoſition.
noowae nanaſiyeue pakodtittum-
ooonganit.

Three Acts
Ver. 6. Niſhwinaſh uſſeongaſh
kah

three Objects,
kah niſh adt aſemukiſh, kah noh
Efficient Inſtrument,
kelteunk kah auwohteaonk, kah
Adjunct Time, compoſed
wadchiyeue ahquompi, moappiſ-
in Affirmative, ſpecial com-
ſuaſh noowae, nanaſiyeue neeſe-
pound propoſition.
piskue pakodtittumoonganit.

The Act Object
*V.*7. Uſſeonk kah ne adt aſemuk.
Notation of Name,
Wuttinnoowae weſuonk, noh ke-
Efficient Effect; theſe
ſteunk kah ne kelteomuk; yeuſh
compoſed by two
moappiſſuaſh naſhpe neeſinaſh
Affirmative ſpecial propoſitions
noowae nanaſiyeue pakodtittum-
oongaſh. Yeu

Hitherto *ſecond* *Lo-*
Yeu weehque nahohtoeu Ano-
gick *part.*
mayage chippai.

Third *part* *bindingly*
Naſhwe chippai moappiſſue
to compoſe *propoſitions*
moehteauunat pakodtittumoo-
to make *a Diſcourſe.*
ongaſh ayimunat keketookontam-
óonk.

Two *fold* *Diſcourſe.*
Neeſe chippag keketookontamóonk.

Syllogiſticall *Speech*
1 Oggusanukoowae } Keketoo-
Diſcurſive } kontamó-
2 Sepapwoae onk.

Syllogiſticall *diſcourſe*
1. Oggusanukoowae keketookaonk

its parts three.

onk wutchippiyeumaſh niſhwinaſh.

Major propoſition.

1 Mohſag pakodtittumoonk.

Minor propoſition.

2 Pawag pakodtittumoonk.

Concluſion inlightened looked on.

3 Wequoſſumoomoouk, naumoomouk.

Alſo but three ſingle Notions in every Syllogiſm.

Wonk webe niſhwinaſh wahittumooaſh niſh noh ut oggusanukoowaonganit.

Subject.

1. Ne Teag.

Predicate.

Kootnumuk.

The light.

2. Ne

3. Wequohtóonk,

aſh

or Argument. These may be
aſuh ootſinnoonk. Niſh woh
ſeen.
naumukiſh.

Q. Their Infants Believers
Nat. Uppeiſſeſumoh wanamp-
may they be Baptized?
togig, ſun woh kutcheſſamóog?
A Yes. *This*
Nux, woh kutcheſſumóog. Ne
Affirmative general Propo-
noowae wameyeue pakodtittum-
ſition.
oonk.
Herein, the Subject, Infants of
Neut, ne teag, uppeiſſeſumoh
Believers; Predicate,
wanamptogig; Ne koonumuk,
may be baptized.
woh kutcheſſumóog.

Wegnoh.

The light or Argument

Wequohtóonk, *Act.* 2. 38, 39.

proceedeth from the Adjunct,

wutch oomcooo nene wadchiik,

Because the Promiſe belongeth

Newutche quoſhodtuonk wutah-

unto them.

tauuneau.

Syllogiſm.

Oggusanukoowaonk.

Every one to whom belongeth

Niſhnoh paſuk noh wadtiheit

the Promiſe may be baptized.

quoſhodtuonk woh kutchelſumau

But the Promiſe belongeth

Qut quoſhodtuonk wuttaiheeu

to Believers their Infants.

wanamptog kah wunnecchanoooh

Therefore Infants of Believers

Newaj wunneechanoh wanamp-

togig

may be baptized.

togig woh kutcheſſumóog.

Another Argument.

Onkatuk wequohtóonk, *Act.* 2. 41

As did the Primitive

Ne aſehetteup negonne moeu-

Church. we may do

weekomonk, ne woh nutuſſenan.

But the Primitive Church

Qut negonne moeuwehkomonk

did baptize their In-

kutcheſſumuppanneg uppeiſſe-

fants

ſumoh.

Minor Propoſition 1

Pawag pakodtittumooonk noowe-

prove.

quohtauun.

They who gladly received

Nag weekontamwe attumunuk-

eg

thoſe counſelling words
eg yeuſh kogahqutteae kut.oo-
did the thing.
wongaſh ne wutuſſeneau.
But the Primitive Church
Qut negonne moeuweekomunk
gladly received
weekontamwe attumunuppanneg
thoſe words.
yeuſh kuttoowongaſh.
Therefore the ſame they did.
Newaj ne wutuſſeneau.
Another Argument,
Onkatuk wequohtóonk, *Act.*2.39
Becauſe Gentiles received
Newutche Gentilſog attumunup-
the ſame Baptiſmal
panneg ne nan kutcheſſumoe
Inſtitution.
naumatuonk.

Niſhnoh

Every one to whom belongeth
Nittnoh paſuk noh wadtiheit
the Promiſe may be baptized.
quoſhodtuonk woh kutcheſſumau
But the far off Gentiles when they
Qut noadtue Gentilſog wanamp-
believe, the Promiſe belong-
tamohetti, quoſhodtuonk wut-
eth to them their Infants.
taiheeu kah wunneechanoh.
Therefore the Infants of Be-
Newaj uppeiſſeſumoh wunnamp-
lieving Gentiles may be baptiz-
tamoe Gentilſog woh kutcheſ-
zed
ſumóog.
Again, falſe-
Wonk, *Joh.* 9.16. Jewſog pan-
ly oppoſed Chriſt,
noowae wutayeuukkonouh Chriſt-
oh,

saying, *He came not*
oh, noowahettit, Matta wutch
from, *because*
oomoooo Godut, newutche poh-
he breaketh the
quenum Sabbath.

Syllogism.

Oggusanukoowaonk.

He *that breaketh*
Noh pohquenuk Sabbath-day
cometh *not* *from*
matta wutch oomoooo Godut.
But this man *breaketh the*
Qut yeuoh Christ pohquenum
Therefore
Sabbath day. Newaj, &c.
Answ- *I deny the* *Minor*
Namp. Nukquenoowam pawag
Proposition; *it is a false*
pakodittumooonk; pannoowaeu

Propoſition *did not*
pakodtittumoonk. Chriſt matta
break the
pohquenum Sabbath-day.

Three *Syllogiſticall*
Niſhwinaſh oggusanukoowae
forms.
wuttinniyeuongaſh.

A poſitive *Syllogiſm.*
1. Ponamoe oggusanukoowaonk.

A ſuppoſitive *Syllogiſm.*
2. Channoowae oggusanukoow.

A disjunctive *Syllogiſm*
3. Chachaubooe oggusanukoow.

Again, poſitive *Syllogiſms*
Wonk, ponamoe oggusanukoow.
three *forms.*
niſhwinaſh wuttinniyeuongaſh.

Firſt *poſitive* *form*
1. Negonne ponamoe wuttinni-
yeuonk

when the *Propoſitions*
yeuonk pakodtittumoonganash
neither *alike* *begin*
matta netatuppe wajkutchiſſinuh-
nor *end,*
hettit, aſuh wohkukquoſhinuhettit
becauſe *the Argument is the Subject*
newutche wequohtóonk teagoonk
in the Major, *Predicate in*
ut mohſag ut, kah ne kootnumuk
the Minor *Propoſition.* *This*
pawag pakodtittumoonganit. Ne
ſee
naumuk,

All the *Elect*
2 *Theſſ.* 2. 13. Wame uppepe-
of *ſhall be ſaved:*
namoomoh God piſh wadchanóog
the Argument, *becauſe*
wequohtóonk, newutche Chriſt

hath redeemed them.
ummanoowhouh.

Syllogism.

Oggusanukoowaonk.

All Redeemed by
Wame ummanoohwhomoh Christ
shall be saved.
pish wadcharóog.

But all the Elect of
Qut wame uppepenamoomoh
are redeemed by
God ummanoohwhouh Christ.

Therefore all the Elect of
Newaj wame uppepenamoomoh
shall be saved.
God pish wadcharóog.

Second positive
2. Nahohtoeu ponamoe wut-
form, when both Pro-
tinniyeuonk, naneeswe pakodtit-
tumoongash

positions alike end;
tumooongash netatuppe wohkuk-
because the Argu-
quoshinash, newutche wequoh-
ment is the Predicate in both
toonk ne koo numuk ut na neeswe
Propositions. This see
pakodutumooonganit. Ne naumuk
we may not suffer
Lev. 19. 17. Matta woh kuttena-
any to sin The
numoh howan matchesenat. We-
Argument; Because sin
quohtoonk; newutche matchese-
opposeth the Law
onk ayeuuhkontam wuttinnauma-
of
tuonk God.

Sillogism.

Oggusannkoowaonk.

we may not ſuffer any
Matta woh kuttenanumoh howan
to oppoſe the Law
ne ayeuuhkontog wuttinnauma-
of
tuonk God.

But every ſin
Qut niſh noh matcheſeonk ayeu-
oppoſeth the Law of
uhkontam wuttinnaumatuonk
God.

Therefore we may not ſuffer
Newaj matta woh kuttenanum-
any to ſin.
oh howan matcheſenat.

Third poſitive form,
3. Niſhwe ponamoe wuttinni-
when both Propoſitions
yeuonk, neſſwe pakodittumoo-
onash

alike *begin,*
ongaſh netatuppe kutchiſſinuhet-
becauſe *the Argument is*
tit, newutche wequohtoonk ne
th Subject in both *Propo-*
teagoooo ut naneeſe pakodtittum-
ſitions. *This ſee*
ooonganit. Ne naumuk
Some
1 *Cor.* 1.27,28. Nawhutche mat-
poor *in this world ſhall*
chekuog yeu ut muttaohket pish
be ſaved *in heaven.* *The Argu-*
wadchanoog keſukqut. Wequoh-
ment, *becauſe* *they believe.*
toonk, newutche wunamptamwog
Syllog.
Oggusanukoowaonk.
Some *Believers* *are*
Nawhutche wanamptogig mat-

poor in this world.
chekuog yeu ut muttaohket.

But all Believers shall
Qut wame wanamptogig piſh
be ſaved in heaven.
wadchanoog ut keſukqut.

Therefore ſome poor
Newaj rawhu che matchekuog
in this world ſhall be ſaved in
muttaohket piſh wadchanoog ut
heaven
k ſukqut.

Hitherto poſitive Syl-
Yeu weehque ponamoe oggu-
logiſms Now Sup-
nukoowaongaſh. Yeuyeu chan-
poſitive Syllogiſms,
noowae oggusanukoowaongaſh,
thus are.
yeu n nih.

Ur

In the Major Propoſition
Ut mohſag pakodutumœong-
the Argument is ſuppoſitively
anit wequohtoo k chanrœowae
put to the thing proved.
ponamun ne woh wequohtau-
Then in th Minor Pro-
onrœouk. Neit ut pawag pakot'-
poſition the Argument is
titumœonganit wequohtoo k
affirmed This ſee
nœowae ponamun. Ne naumuk
We muſt beware of
Heb 3.12. Woh nutal quteaurn
unbelief The
mat wunnamptamœonk. We-
Argument cometh from the
quohtoonk wutch cœmœo ne
Effect becauſe it driveth
keſteomuk, newutche kutamacoh-
kunkun

us *from*
kunkqun' wutch Godut.

Syllogism.

Oggusanukoowaonk.

If *Unbelief*
Tohneit mat wunnamptamoonk

driveth us *from*
kutamaookunkqun wutch Godut,

then we must beware of it.
neit woh nutahquetteauun.

But *Unbelief*
Qut mat wunnamptamoonk kut-

driveth *us* *from*
amaookunkqun wurch Godut.

Therefore we must beware of it
Newaj woh nutahquetteauun.

Again, *if* *Unbelief*
Wonk, tohneit mat wunnamp-

cometh from *an evil*
tamoonk wutch oomoooo matchet

metahhut

heart, then we must beware
metahhut, neit woh nutahque-
of it.
teauun.
But it cometh from an evil
Qut oomoooo wutch matchet
heart. Therefore
metahhut. Newaj, &c.
Lastly concerning disjunctive
Majish papaume chachauboooae
Syllogisms, is thus
oggusanukoowaonk ne n nih.
The Major Proposition dis-
Mohsag pakodtittumooonk cha-
junctively speaketh; then
chauboooae kuttoomoonk; neit
the Minor affirmeth one. de-
pawag noowau pasuk, kah que-
nieth the other; or denieth
nooau onkatuk; asuh quenooau
pasuk.

one affirmeth the other. This

paſuk, kah noowau onkatuk. Ne

ſee

naumuk

Either make the

Mat. 12. 33. Aſuh ayimook meh-

tree good its fruit

tug wunnegen kah ummeechum-

good. or make

muonk wunnegen, aſuh ayimook

evil the tree his fruit

ani meaug kah ummeechummu-

evil

onk anit.

But your fruit is evil.

Qut kummeechummuonk anit.

Therefore you are evil

Newaj kummatchetum.

Or But your fruit

Aſuh, Qut kummeechummuonk

wunnegen.

is good. Therefore you are good.
wunnegen. Newaj koo eetum.
Again, Either you are diligent,
Wonk, asuh kummenu kenittea-
your field is clean,
éninnu, kah kutohteuk pahkete-
or you are idle,
auun, asuh kussesegenamwaenin,
your field with weeds over-
kah kutohteuk mossonog wuttit-
grown.
tannekinneau.
But your field is clean.
Qut kutohteuk paketeauun.
Therefore you are diligent
Newaj kummenuhkinitteaenu.
Or, But your field with weeds
Asuh, qut kutohteuk mossonog
over grown.
wuttittannekineau.

Newaj

Therefore you are idle.

Newaj kuſſegenamwaenin.

Agiin, either you pray

Wonk, aſuh kuppeantam kah

keep holy the

kuppahketeauun Sabbath-day,

or you pray not, keep not

aſuh matta kuppeantam, & matta

hol, the

kuppahketeauun Sabbath-day.

But you keep holy

Qut kupahketeauun Sabath-day.

Therefore you pray.

Newaj kuppeantam.

Or, but you keep not holy the

Aſuh, qut matta kuppahketeauun

Sabbath-day.

Therefore you pray not.

Newaj matta kuppeantam.

Hitherto *concerning*

2. Yeu weeque papaume og-

Syllogiſticall *Speech*

guſanukoowae keketookaonk, yeu-

Now concerning *large* *Metho-*

yeu papaume ſepapwoae kohko-

dicall *Diſcourſe.*

numukiſh keketookontamooong-

And of this two parts.

aſh. Kah ne neeſe chippai.

Firſt *orderly*

1. Negonne kohkonumukiſh

to lay together *Notions*

miyanumunat wahittumooaſh &

Propoſitions: *This is*

pakodtittumoongaſh: kah yeu

perfectly done in *in every*

pahken nih ut Bibleut, & niſhnoh

miſe *Humane*

waantamwe wosketompae bookut

kah

if any wisely make
kah howan toh waantamwe asit
or wisely teach-
booke, asuh waantamwe kuhkoo-
eth this he d th
tomwehteadt, ne wutussen.
Second part, to
2. Nahohtoeu chippai, kogah-
analyse open
kenanumunat kah woshwunum-
Propositions
unat pakodtittumooongash kah
Arguments. Also to
wequohtoongash. Wonk wosh-
open Propositions
wunumunat pakodtittumooong-
by single Notions,
ash nashpe syeumoot wahittumoo-
which by composed:
ash, nish nashpe moehteauunash;

kaa

this chiefly I desire
kah yeu nahnaunne nukkod kuk-
to teach you, whereby you
kuhkootomauonumwoo, waj woh
may open the word
koowoshwunumwoo wuttinnoo-
of
waongash Godut Bibleut: Lord
help us!
Jesus aninnumaiinnean!

Pahke wahteauunat uttiyeu Oggusanukoo-wae wuttinniyeuonk auwokonat, kah wonk osoowunumunat wuttinniyeuonk.

WAme pakodtittumooongash nish woh naumoomooash & wequoh-tomooash, asuh
Noowae, wameyeue pakodtittum-ooongash.
Quenoowae, wameyeue pakodtit-tumooongash.

Aſuh, Nœowae nanaſiyeue pakodtit-
tumœongaſh.

Quenœowae nanaſiyeue pakod-
tittumœongaſh.

1. Neit natwontaſh, nœowae wame-
yeuœouk pakodtittumœonk yeu naum-
œomœ naſhpe negonne oggu ſanukœo-
wae wuttinniyeuonk.

2. Quenœowae wameyeuœouk pakod-
tittumœoonk, neit neeſinaſh yeuſh nat-
wontaſh.

1. Wequohtoonk quenœowayeuœouk,
neit woh nnih ut nahohtoeu wut-
tinniyeuonganit.

2. Wequohtoonk nœowayeuœouk, neit
woh nnih naſhpe negonne, aſuh
naſhpe nahohtoeu wuttinniyeuonk.

3. Nœowae nanaſiyeuœouk pakodtit-
tamœoonk, neit woh n nih naſhpe ne-
gonne aſuh niſhwe wuttinniyeuonk.

4. Quenœowae nanaſiyeuœouk, kah
wequohtoonk quenœowayeuœouk, neit
woh

woh n nih naſhpe nahohtoen, aſah nish-
we wuttinniyeuonk.

Niſh naumukiſh,

1 *Pet.* 2. 2. Kodtantamook ſogkod-
tungane wuttinnoowaonk God.
Noowae, wameyeue pakodtit-
tumooonk; wequohtoonk, woh
ne naſhpe ke naſhpekineau.

Oggiſ. 1.

Ne naſhpekhikqueog woh nukkodtan-
tamumun.

Qut wuttinnoowaonk kenaſhpekina-
hikqun.

Newaj woh nukodtantamumun.

Aſah 2.

Ne kodtantamoe teagwas, ne naſhpek-
hikqueog.

Qut wuttinnoowaonk kenaſhpekinahik-
qun.

Newaj woh nukkodtantamumun.

1 *Cor*.6.9. Matcheussecheg matta auog kesukqut. Wameyeue pakodtittumooonk; wequohtoonk newutche matta aiuskoiantamwog; quenoowae wequohtoonk.

Oggus. 1

Aiuskoiantog g auog kesukqut.
Matcheussecheg matta aiuskoiantamwog.
Newaj matta auog kesukqut.

Asub 2.

Auongcheg kesukqut aiuskoiantamwog.
Matcheussecheg matta aiuskoiantamwog.
Newaj matta auog kesukqut.

Onkatuk wequohtoonk neratupe, newutche wunnamptamwog.

Oggus. 1.

Mat wanamptogig matta auog kesukqut
Matcheussecheg matta wanamptamwog

Newaj

Newaj matta auog kesukqut.

Asub 2.

Auoncheg kesukqut wunnamptamwog.
Matcheussecheg matta wunnamptamwog
Newaj matta auog kesukqut.

1 *Cor.*1.21,22. Nawhutche waantamwog matta wunnamptamwog. Quenoowae nanasiyeue pakodtittumooonk; wequohtoonk nanasiyeuoo, Scribsog kah Greeksog.

Ogguf 3.

Scribsog kah Greeksog waantamwog.
Qut Scribsog kah Greeksog matta wunnamptamwog.
Newaj nawhutche waantamwog matta wunnamptamwog.

*Mat.*7.22,23. Nawhutche peantogis

togig matta wadchanoog. Quenoowae nanasiyeue pakodtittumoonk; wequohtoonk newutche anakausitcheg matcheseonk.

Obs. 1.

Anakausitcheg matcheseonk matta wadchanoog.

Qut nawhutche peantogig anakausitcheg matcheseonk.

Newaj nawhutche peantogig matta wadchanoog. 3.

Judas peantam.

Qut Judas matta wadchanau.

Newaj nawhutche peantogig matta wadchanoog

Asab 2.

Nawhutche anakausitcheg matcheseonk peantamweg.

Qut anakausitcheg matcheseonk matta wadchanoog.

Newaj nawutche peantogig matta wadchanoog.

Prov.

Prov. 10. 1. Waantamwe wunnaumoniin weekontamwaheau ooſhoh. Mattammagwe wunnaumoniin nooheau ohkaſoh. Naneeſwe nowae wameyeue pakodtittumoongaſh.

Oggus. 1.

Noh noſweetauont ooſhoh wekontamwaheau.

Quc waantamwe wunnaumoniin noſweetau ooſhoh.

Newaj waantamwe wunnaumoniin weekontamwaheau.

Aſah 3.

Noh noſweetauont ooſhoh weekontamwaheau.

Quc noh noſweetauont ooſhoh waantamwe wunnaumoniin

Newaj waantamwe wunnaumoniin weekontamwaheau ooſhoh?

2. Mattammagoe wunnaumoniin nooheau ohkaſoh.

Ozguſ.

Noh.niſhkeneunkquok aſit nooheau ohkaſoh.

Quit mattammagwe wunnaumoniin niſhqueneunkquok pſſu.

Newaj mattammagoo nooheau ohkaſoh

Aſuh 3.

Noh niſhkeneunkquok aſit mattāmagoo

Noh niſhkeneunkquok aſit nooheau ohkaſoh.

Newaj mattammagoo nooheau ohkaſoh.

Pſa. 119.3. Wunnanumoog matta kodtoue matcheſecheg. Queſoowae wameyeue pakodtitrumoonk; wequohtoonk, newutche wunnamptamwog.

Ozguſ 1.

Wanamptogig matta kodtoue matcheſeog.

Qui wunnanumoog wunnamptamwog.

Newaj wunnanumoog matta kodtue matcheſeog.

Aſuh

Aſuh 2.

Kodtoue matcheſecheg matta wunamptamwog.

Qut wunnanumoog wunnamptamwog
Newaj matta kodtoue matcheſeog.

Aſuh 3.

Wanamptogig matta kodtue macheſeog
Qut wunnamptogig wunnanumoog.
Newaj wunnanumoog matta kodtoue matcheſeog.

*Pſ.*119.93. Matta noowowunantam kuttinnoowaonk. Quenoowae wameveue pakodtirtumoork; wequchtoonk newutche nukquaquakqhukqunaſh.

Oggiſ. 1.

Ne quaquakqhukqueog matta noowowunnantam.

qut wuttinnoowaonk kukoutquakhikqun
Newaj matta woh noowowunnantam.

Aſuh

Asuh 2.

Matta woh noowowunnantam ne quaquakqhikqueog.

Qut wuttinnoowaonk nukquaquakqhikqun.

Newaj matta woh noowowunnantam.

Psa. 119 6. Matta woh nutakodchem. Quenoowae wameyeue pakodtittumoonk; wequohtoonk, newutche noowomantam wuttinnoowaonk.

Oggus. 1.

Womontog wuttinnoowaonk matta akodchu.

Qut noowamantam wuttinnoowaonk.

Newaj matta woh nutakodchem.

Asuh 2.

Matta woh howan akodchu womontog wuttinnoowaonk.

Qut noowomontam wuttinnoowaonk.

Newaj matta woh nutakodchem.

Psal.

Pſa. 119.9. Wuskenin woh pahketeauun ummayaſh? noowae, wameyeue pakodtittumooonk; wequohtoonk, nunnukquſſit naſhpe wuttinnoowaonk.

Oggiſ. 1.

Noh nunnukquſſit ummayaſh naſhpe wuttinnoowaonk woh uppahketeauunaſh ummayaſh.

Qut wuskenin woh nunnukquſſu ummayaſh naſhpe wuttinnoowaonk.

Newaj wuskenin woh pahketeauun ummayaſh.

Aſah 2.

Pahketeunkig ummayaſh nunnukquſſuog naſhpe wuttinnoowaonk.

Qut wuskenuog woh nunnukquſſuog ummayaſh naſhpe wuttinnoowaonk.

Newaj wuskenuog woh pahketeauunaſh ummayaſh.

Pſa. 119.11. Matta woh nummatcheenneh

cheenneh God. Quenoowae, wameyeue pakodtirtumoonk, wequohtoonk, newutche nutadtahrauun wuttinnoowaonk ut nuttahhut.

Ozguf 1.

Noh adrahtunk wurtinnoowaonk wurtahhut matta woh matcheunneheau Goduh.

Qut nutadtahrauun wuttinnoowaonk ut nuttahhut.

Newaj matta woh nummatcheunneheau Goduh *Aſuh* 2.

Noh kodtantog matta matcheunneheonat Goduh, woh adrahtauun wuttinnoowaonk ut wurtahhut.

Qut nutadrahtauun wuttinnoowaonk ut nurtahhut.

Newaj matta woh nummatcheenneh Goduh.

Pſal 119. 16. *Matta woh noowowunnantam wuttinnoowaonk. Quenoowae wameyene pakodtittumoonk; wequohtoonk, newutche noowéekontamwah nuhhog ut wuttinnoowaonganit.* Oggu. ſ. 1.

Noh weekontamwaheont wuhhogkuh ut wuttinnoowaonganit, matta woh wowunnantam.

Qut noowekontamwaheau nuhhog ut wuttinnoowaonganit.

Newaj matta woh noowowunnantamun *Aſuh* 2.

Noh kodtantog matta wowunnantam-uwat wuttinnoowaonk, woh weekontamwaheau wuhhogkuh na ut.

Qut noowéekontamwaheau nuhhog na ut.

Newaj matta woh noowowunnantam wuttinnoowaonk.

Rom 8. 1. *Appehtaue chog Chriſtoh, matta woh awakompanaog Quenoowae wameyene pakodtittumoonk; wequohtoonk, newutche*

wutche matta aſuhkemoogig meyaus wonk, newutche aſuhkanaog Naſhauanit.

Oggut. 1.

Nag matta aſuhkauoncheg meyaus, qut Naſhauanit piſh matta awakompanaog Qut appehtauoncheg Chriſtoh matta aſuhkauog meyaus qut Naſhauanit. Newaj matta woh awakompanaog.

Aſuh 2.

Nag matta woh awakompanaog, matta aſuhkauhettit meyaus qut Naſhauanit. Qut appehtauoncheg Chriſtoh matta aſuhkauog meyaus qut Naſhauanit. Newaj matta woh awakompanaog.

1 Joh. 4 1. *Abque wunnamptok niſhnoh Naſhauanit. Qenoowae nanaſi.eue pakodtittumoonk: wequshtoonk, newutche pannoowae Naſhauonganog noowahettit nen Naſhauan*

Oggut. 1.

Pannoowae naſhauonganog matta woh noonamptauoog.

Qut

Qut nawhutche naſhauonganog pannoowae naſhauonganog.

Newaj ahque wunnamptok niſhnoh naſhauanit *Aſuh* 2.

Matta woh noonamptauun pannoowae naſhauonk.

Qut nawhutche naſhauonganog pannoowae naſhauonganog.

Newaj ahque wunnamptok niſhnoh naſhauanit. *Aſuh*

Pannoowae naſhauonk matta woh noonamptauoh.

Pannoowae naſhauonganog n[illegible] neenawun naſhauanittoomu[illegible]

Newaj ahque wunnamptok [illegible] naſhauanit.

FINIS

Jona Proctij ex dono authoris.

THE Gentile Sinner, OR, *England's Brave* GENTLEMAN: Characterized *In a Letter to a Friend,* Both *As he is, and as he should be.*

by Clem. Ellis.

1 Cor. 1.26.
Not many Noble are called.

Cygnea 297.

—— Sanctus haberi,
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem. *Juv: Sat. 8.*

OXFORD,
Printed by *Henry Hall*, for *Edward* and *John Forr: ſt*, 1660.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

MY HONOURED FRIENDS

Sr PHILIP MVSGRAVE

Knight and Baronet,

AND

Sr GEORGE BENNYON

Knight,

The Author vviſhes all Grace, Health, and Honour here, & Happineſs hereafter.

Right Worſhipfull,

Ou who have beene ſo long a time ſharers both in the ſame great *Vertues*, and, for them, in the ſame great *Sufferings*: be pleaſed too, to ſhare in this ſmall *tribute*, for which I

have been long indebted to your Goodneſſe. Your *Names*, I confeſſe, are either of them too great to ſtand in the front of ſo inconſiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here preſent you; and might make a ſuitable *Frontiſpice* to ſome farre more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deſerves* not, I am ſure it does not now come abroad to *ſeek* a *Patron*. The reaſon why I addreſſe it to you, is an Ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with ſo great a part of it's own *Treaſure*: & to make it know, there be yet (after all

theſe

these *dreining times*) some such Worthy Persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian Stoïcisme*) enemies to the present *World*, dare both *love* & *honour*. Were it my businesse to seek out an *Instance* of the *Genuine*, or a *Patterne* whereby to correct the *Spurious* and degenerate Gentleman, I should despaire to fit my selfe better, then I may in *You*: in whom after so many *killing* Afflictions the World may yet behold a true *Religion* and *Loyalty* surviving your *Fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as *I*, his *expectation* by the view of your præfixed *Names*, would be

raised too much above the *Contents* of the following *Letter*; and therefore I shall, no lesse out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that knowne *Modesty* which Crowns your many other Noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *Merits*: only this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe

Right Worshipfull

Yours in all Christian Services

C. E.

To the Reeder.

IT is a Formality very much in Fashion of late amongst Writers, to Complement the Reader, and give him a view of his following Entertainment, in a large Præface to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude Letter in so great State; neither will I play the Gentleman so much, as to tyre out my Reader with feigned Apologies for that Course faire he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein many Writers can Phancy themselves so secure from all Censure; but I dare not pretend to those I have not, and those I have I Slight. Reader, the plain truth is, this Letter is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any Surreptitious Copy, neither meerly to satisfie the Importunity of my friends: Nor yet am I willing so much to Humour either thy Curiosity, or the Common Vanity, as to tell thee what Inducements I had to this Publication; If what thou

ſhalt here read, either Concern *or* Content *thee not, I am ſure* thoſe *cannot.*

Perhaps thou art one of thoſe, who may read their Names *and* Characters *in the former part of the following* Letter; *If ſo, it would be time and paines ill loſt to talke with thee* now. *If thou canſt be ſo much the* Maſter *of thy Paſſion, as to read thy ſelfe over therein with* Patience, *and without either* Oath *or* Curſe, *for the* Paper *or it's* Author; *I ſhall begin to hope there may yet be a* Poſſibility *of a returne to thy* ſelfe *and to thy* God. *'Till then, what ever cauſe thou haſt to* Carp *at the* Book, *or* Revile *the* Author; *I am bold to tell thee, I have much more, to* Slight *thy* Speeches, *and* Pitty *thy* Folly. *I* value *as little thy* Cenſure, *as I have reaſon to* Envy *thy* Converſation; *I* dread *as much thine* Applauſe *as I* ſcorne *thy* Deriſion; *and this I do no leſſe then I* abhorre *thy* life, *or* pray *for thy* Converſion.

When thou art willing to underſtand *what may do thee* Good, *it will be* ſeaſonable *for mee to ſay more; and tell thee, that if thou would'ſt be a* Gentleman, *there is a* Booke *extant, which for that End, well deſerves thy* Study, *and thy* Practice. *At preſent it is too noble a* Jewel *to be thrown to ſuch a* Swine. *If*

the

the Courſer *and more* homely *Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee (though by loathing* it *) a liking to that far* richer Diſh; *It will be* then *enough for my* Ambition, *as it is* now *too much for my* Hopes.

That moſt Singular piece of Impartiall Truth, *and unparallell'd* Ingenuity; *of moſt Cogent* Reaſon, *and Inſinuating* Rhetorick; *of moſt ſage* Advice, *and Religious* Inſtruction; *which abundantly Commends it* ſelfe *to thy ſerious* peruſall, *and it's* Author *(were not his ſtrange* Modeſty, *as much our* Enemy, *in Concealing his* Name; *as his* Piety *and* Ingenuity *our* friends, *in diſcovering his* worth) *to thy Intimate* acquaintance, *bears for it's* Title, *what thou by thy Practiſe laboureſt to prove a* Contradiction, THE GENTLEMAN'S CALLING. *This* Book *would Certainly teach thee to bee, did'ſt thou not think thy ſelfe too wiſe to learn, all that becomes a* Chriſtian Gentleman: *as another* Practicall piece *which for it's* Excellency *is rationally ſuppoſed the work of the ſame* Pious *and* Ingenious *hand, would make thee, if uſed aright, a* Chriſtian Man: *I mean that* Book, *the* Title *whereof ſpeaks much, yet nee more then the* Contents *doe verifie* THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

MAN. *Read these two soberly, and practise them Constantly; and, though thou burn'st this paper, thou shalt never perswade me not to think thee a* Man, *a* Gentleman, *and a* Christian. *But if in some or other of thy* Mad Moods: *thou shalt* rage *and* foame *against what here I send thee, play the* Critick *upon it amid'st thy* Potts, *or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be* Frolick *and* Jolly: *the* Paper *may suffer, and thou may'st* spit *in my* face; *but know, I have a* Christian name, *thou can'st not* stain; *and a* Charitable Intention; *thou can'st as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.*

But if (Sir) *you be one of those* brave souls, *whose* Merits *are above their* Names; *whose* Honours *are not dumb* Idolls, *neither their* Vertues shadows; *and yet vouchsafe to cast an Eye, upon this* flat *and* unstudy'd *piece of meer* Obedience: *Your* Candor *will save me the Customary* Ceremony *of a long* Apologie; *seeing I am assured you can sooner* pardon *an* Hundred *faults, then the other* find one; *your* Goodnesse *by a constant practise of all vertues being as much* augmented, *as his* Judgment *by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is daily* Impared. *Who-*

To the Reader.

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter; *and that, an Imperfect birth after a* Fortnight's *labour. It had never ventured so farre abroad, had not better eyes then the* Author's *directed it forth. The best on't is,* Censures *I regard not,* Frowns *I fear not,* Criticismes *I smile at, and* Derisions *I laugh at. The* Stile *('tis true) is rough; I had rather be* told *of it, then lose so much* time *as to smooth it: Many things are* Blunt *and* Flat, *It is my Humour, often to prefer a plain* truth, *before a Witty* Phancy: *The* Phraise *in many places is* tart, *and* provoking; *I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to* please, *but* profit. Reader, *Call me what thou wilt,* Stoick, *or* Fool, *or* Clown, *or* Madman, *I am willing, with all my heart, to seem any or all of these, to reforme a* Sinner. *If in any place thou think'st I deal uncivilly with thee; give me leave to ask thee* — where? *If in the* former *part, What businesse hadst thou* there. *Either thou art indeed the* man *there described; and then, why art thou angry, that I say the* truth? *Or else thou art one of the* Better *stamp; keep thee then in thine own place, and, I am Confident, I shall doe thee* right. *Art thou the* true Gentleman?

tleman? *thou canſt not ſo far miſtake thy ſelfe, as to think the* Character *of the* falſe *will fit thee: Art thou the* Falſe? Thine own *Confeſſion* quits me of the *Scandall*: *And I hope thou ſhalt here find thy ſelfe ſo much in thine own* Colours, *that thou ſhalt be ſo farre out of love with thy ſelfe, as to know the leaſt* Commendation *of thee could be no leſſe then a* flattery. *If this little labour of mine may do thee* good, *it is* therefore *worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily* welcome: *If thou ſeeſt nothing in it worth the reading, uſe thy fredome, I may loſe my* labour, *neither thou nor I ſhall ever loſe my* charity.

Inſtead of a longer preface, *I commend to thy reading the words of a* Reverend Doctor, *whoſe exemplary* Piety, Learning, Iudgment, Moderation *are ſufficiently known to the greateſt part of our* Engliſh *Nation.*

Dr Sanderson *in his* Sermon *on the* 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (*meer* or *parcel*) *Gallants*, who live in no ſetled courſe of life, but ſpend halfe *the day* in *Sleeping*, halfe *the night* in *gaming*, and the reſt of their time in other *pleaſures* and *vanities*, to as little purpoſe as they can deviſe; as if they were born for nothing elſe but to eat and drink, and ſnort and ſport; who are

ſpruce

ſpruce and trimme as *the Lillies* (Solomon *in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of theſe:*) yet they neither *ſow*, nor *reap*, nor carry into Barn; they neither *labour*, nor *Spin*, nor do any thing elſe for the good of humane ſociety: Let them know, there is not *the pooreſt Contemptible* Creature, that crieth *Oyſters* and *Kitchinſtuffe* in the ſtreets, but deſerveth his bread better, than they; and his courſe of life is of better eſteem with God, and every ſober wiſe man, than their's. A *Horſe*, that is neither good for *the way*, nor *the cart*, nor *the race*, nor *the Wars*, nor any other *ſervice*; let him be of never ſo good a *breed*, never ſo well *marked* and *ſhaped*; yet he is but a *Jade*: his Maſter ſetteth no ſtore by him, thinketh his meat ill-beſtow'd on him; Every man will ſay, better knock him on the head then keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beaſt* beſides.

Conſider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look unto *the Rock*, whence you were hewen; and to *the pit*, whence you were digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the Scatter'd *Monuments* and *Hiſtories* of your *Anceſtors*: and obſerve by what ſteps your worthy *Progenitors* raiſed their houſes to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*. Scarce ſhall you find a man of them, that gave any acceſſion, or brought any noted eminency to his houſe; but either ſerving in *the Camp*, or ſweating at *the Barre*, or waiting at *the Court*, or adventuring on *the Seas*, or trucking in his *Shop*, or ſome other way induſtriouſly beſtirring himſelfe in ſome ſetled *Calling*, and Courſe of life. You *uſurp* their *Armes*, if you *inherit* not their *Vertues*: and thoſe *enſignes* of *honour* and *Gentry* which they

they by induſtry atchieved, ſit no otherwiſe upon your ſhoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Aſſes* backs; which ſerve but to render the poor beaſt more ridiculous. If you by brutiſh ſenſuality, and ſpending your time in ſwiniſh luxury, *ſtain* the *colours*, and *embaſe* the *mettals* of thoſe badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by deſcent: think, when we *worſhip* or *honour* you, we do but flout you; and know, the *titles* we in Courteſy give you, we beſtow upon their memories, whoſe degenerate off-ſpring you are, and whoſe *Arms* you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to you, than the reverence the good man did to *Iſis*; belong'd to the *Aſſe* that carry'd *her Image*.

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THE

THE GENTILE SINNER, OR England's *Brave-Gentleman.*

Honoured Sir,

Am very much indebted to your most obliging *Goodnesse*, for that great and undeserved *Freedome*, you were pleased to allow me in our last *Discourse*: And I am so *Confident* to meet with the same *Goodnesse* still, that I shall not *feare* to expresse as great a *Boldnesse* in these following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman indeed*, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am sure, I cannot) I may learne how to shame his *Counterfiet*; and with *him* too, who has no more then the

bare *Name*, that I may thereby gaine an opportunity of propoſing to him ſomething better then *himſelfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confeſſe I am often apt, more then well becomes me in the preſence of *Perſons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh ſomewhat *Satyrically* againſt ſuch as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miſcall* by ſo *good* a name; which might give any man of leſſe *Candor* and *Courteſy* then *Your ſelfe* (Sir) a juſt occaſion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wiſe*. What your *reſentments* were of my laſt *unponder'd* expreſſions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* paſſe for my *Sentence*, and let this *proſecution* of that too *Inconſiderate* diſcourſe (I beſeech you) ſerve for my *penance*.

You were pleaſed to require a Summary of my thoughts concerning our *Preſent Engliſh Gentleman*, both as to what he *is*, and what he *ſhould be*. I muſt not taxe you of *Indiſcretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I ſhall rather chooſe to ſhow you your *Charitable miſtake*, by my *ready Obedience*; then

by

by an *unſeaſonable Modeſty*, *ſeem* to queſtion your *judgment*: The *taske* injoyn'd me is in it ſelfe ſo *odious*, that nothing *leſſe* then that *higheſt* reſpect I have for the worthy *Impoſer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries ſo great a *diſproportion* to my *weaker* Faculties, that nothing, but *too* great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appeare *poſſible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman is*, requires an *experience*; and to ſay what he *ſhould be*, muſt ſuppoſe a *Breeding* farre above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you meane *him* whoſe *reall virtues* are ſuch as have indeed *merited* him the name; I could goe a very compendious way to worke, and ſhow you him in as faire a peece as *Virtue* can *draw*, or the *World imitate*, by directing your eye to *that* object which *beſt* deſerves it; You muſt needs know *your ſelfe* too well, (Sir) to be *Ignorant* whom I meane. But for the *other*, whom wee then tooke the *boldneſſe* to talke of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one ſo little acquainted with the preſent *Garbes* and *Modes* of the world, as without *bluſhing* I dare confeſſe my ſelfe to be, ſhould be able to preſent you

with his perfect *portraiture.*

To be short, Sir, *You* are too *well* acquainted with the *true Gentleman,* to think you shall ever read him any where better described then you find him *at home*; and I am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit,* to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, 'till I use to goe more, then I hope in hast I shall doe, *abroad.* However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well *worth* my *knowledg*; then the least *disrespect* to a *Person*, whose long-experienced *Goodnesse* hath abundantly meritted the best of my *services.* Such a *prospect* therefore as I could have of him, whilest *immured* up within the *narrow* compasse of a *Darke* Study, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plaine English* as I can, tell you what I thinke both of the *Man* and his *shadow.*

But before I begin to discribe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this *cautious request*—That you would be pleas'd to believe I doe not *make* nor take *pleasure* to *see* those *wounds,* which *you* have perswaded me to *uncover*; for

I

I cannot but foresee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, so altogether *fester'd* and *Nauseous*, that as they will *try* your *patience* to *behold* them, so will they even *dare* your *faith* to *believe* them: And this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am *forced* to take the *Liberty* of a more *open*, and sometimes *biting* expression; you would not debarre me of the *Priviledg* of an *Impartiall*, yet *friendly*, *Censurer*; one who had much rather *lose* a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficiall Severity* of a *Faithfull Chirurgeon*, who is allow'd often to make the *smart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excusable, though sometimes he seeme so hard-hearted as to *disregard* the *lamentable* outcries, and most *moveing* groans of his *afflicted* patient; not sparing his *Probe*, 'till he have throughly search'd the *wound*.

I must in Good Earnest tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgoe my *Reprehensions* and *reproofes*: And that my *hearty prayers* both now *are*, and ever *shall be* much more *for* him, then my *unpleasing Invectives* can be *against* him.

him. The *later* are onely ſent out to *invite* him to take ſome *Knowledg* and *Compaſſion* of himſelfe; but the *former* aſcend as high as Heaven to Implore God's *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it (let him entertaine as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himſelfe) the *world* has not had ſince the fall of *Adam* a more *miſerable* Spectacle, then this poore wretched *Leper*, the *Debauched* Gentleman: who, doubtleſſe, were he not ſo *Complacently* acceſſary to his own *Miſery*, So *obſtinately* bent upon and *ſolicitouſly* ſtudious of his own *overthrow*, would be no oftner *beheld* then *pittied*.

But ſeeing his daily *practice* perſwades me, that his main *induſtry* is a *Deſigne* to *ruine* himſelfe, his Conſtant *Profeſſion* an open *Defiance* to his *Happineſſe*; ſeeing his chiefe *delight* ſeemes to be placed in *looking* upon his own *ſores*, and his Continuall *Study* is how to *increaſe* them: Seeing he eſteemes nothing ſo *dangerous* as *reall goodneſſe*, and every day proclaimes open *Hoſtility* againſt whatever ſhall bring along with it that *unwelcome charity* of preſerving him from *Hell*: Seeing he labours

bours to expreſſe a deadly *feud* betwixt *himſelfe* and his own *ſoule*, and dreads no *torments* ſo much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*: Seeing the *buſineſſe* of his whole life is to *ſpoile* a *Gentleman*: Without all doubt, the *ſafeſt* way now to *be* his *friend* is to *ſeeme* his *enemy*, the readieſt means of *making* the *Chriſtian* is to *vex* the *Gentleman*, and the hopefull'ſt method of *healing* his *ſores*, is firſt to *ſcratch* them 'till they *ſmart*. There's no way to deale with a man in a *Swoon*, but to *pinch* him by the Noſe, and to *daſh* Cold water in his face, when he is thus brought to *himſelfe*, he may be capable of a *Cordiall*: Thus indeed muſt we be conſtrain'd to deale with the *Gentleman*, who is not onely void of all *ſpirituall life*, but even of all *common ſenſe*: We muſt handle him a little more *roughly* then what he will think *Civility*, that ſo we may at length *force* him to open his eyes, to *ſee* how much he is *miſtaken* in what *he calls* ſo. If after all this he will perſiſt to call me his *enemy*, I ſhall onely profeſſe my *ſorrow* for *this*, that he has *loſt* the benefit *intended* him by my *pains*; Not at all that I have miſs'd the *reward* of his *Commendation* and

thanks; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks reproaches*. 'Till when here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemy*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* 'till I can see him, more then yet he is, his own *friend*: *Then*, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledg, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way *he* had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence*, I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where, that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set me, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*: And having done this, I shall in a very few words characterize the *man* I *would* see, and tell you what I *suppose*, you *know*, God *Expects*, and his own Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT. I.

SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you My ſenſe of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what.* I no ſooner caſt my eye upon him, but (alas) I ſee too little to *love*, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhorre*, and in all too much to be *expreſſ'd.* 'Tis uſuall with us to call *man* a *little world*, and truely the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confuſedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*; Before the Omnipotent *Wiſedome* of the Great God had created any ſuch thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty:* Such an undigeſted *Maſſe* and *heape* of *Every thing*, have we here met withall, and nothing *perfect:* Onely herein the *Similitude* fails, for *ſuppoſing* ſuch an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confeſſed the

worke

worke of God's hands and therefore *very good*; But *here* (alas) is almoſt nothing left that God created, but every thing ſo altogether *evill*, that hardly ſo much of that we call *goodneſſe* appeares, as a bare *poſſibility* of becoming ſo.

§. 1. *His Names.*

If there be ſuch a *Sin* in the *abuſe* of words as ſome do think there is, and if it be true, that a great part of this *abuſe* lies in giving *names* unto things *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater error of this kind committed then here, for never Honeſt *name* was more abuſed, then this of *Gentleman*; Indeed it is to be fear'd, that having been ſo long *miſ-applied*, it will at laſt find the like hard meaſure, with thoſe other once more *Honeſt* Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophiſter*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *terme* of the greateſt *diſgrace* and *Infamy*. It is indeed allready made to be of no better a ſignification then this, to Denote a Perſon of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life; for though it be as 'tis uſed, a word of a very

uncertaine

uncertaine and *equivocall* ſound, and given at Randome to Perſons of farre *different*, nay *Contrary* both *Humours*, *deſcents*, and *merits*, yet if we looke upon *him* that in this ſad age comes firſt in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *firſt Horſe* in the *Team*, away from all the reſt; a *Gentleman* muſt be thought only ſuch a man, as may without *Controle* doe what he *liſts*, and ſinne with *applauſe*: One that eſteems it *baſe* and *ungentile*, to *Feare* a God, to *own* a Law, or *Practice* a Religion; One who has ſtudied to bring *Sin* ſo much into *Faſhion*, and with ſo much unhappy *Succeſſe*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he as ridiculous as an *Antique*, who will not, without all *Scruple*, proclaime himſelfe an *Atheiſt*.

Some of the *wiſeſt* in the preſent world, have of a long time, (aſhamed, I ſuppoſe, to be known by the *ſame* name with ſuch a *Monſter*) thought it more fit to call him *Sparke* or *Raunter*; and indeed the *former* Name carries ſo much of the *Fire* of Hell in the *ſignification*, the *other* ſo much of the *noyſe* of Hell in the *ſound*, as may *almoſt* ſuite

ſuite with the *Gentleman's* Actions. But the *proudeſt* vice is aſhamed to weare it's *own* face long; Nor dare I believe the *Devill* to be much in love with his *own* Name; I am ſure *neither* is willing to be thought ſuch as in truth they are; but *wickedneſſe* has worne *vertue's mask* quite thread-bare; and *Sathan* hath ſo often appeared like an *Angell of Light*, that 'tis now evident, he is not enamour'd of his *own Forme*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deſerve* then *weare* the Devill's *Livery*; though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhorres the *Name*. Thus he thinks *vertue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*; and that his eternall *Happineſſe* (as his Temporall *eſtate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone; and by a little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleaſes) tranſlate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Sollicitous he is (that I may uſe his own Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soule*, and by the Lamentable *Impoſture* of a *Borrow'd* Name *cheat* her out of a moſt Glorious Inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to *Civilize*

Civilize the Title, and calls himſelfe in a more *pleaſing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it ſelfe *in love* with him; and make it as the *trees* did *Orpheus*, to *follow* him whitherſoever he goeth; and certainly ſo it muſt, and with ſome ſpeed too, or he ſhall never ſee it, ſeeing he is alway *running*, as faſt as he can, the quite *Contrary* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to *gain* by the pittifull *exchange*; that whereas the ungratefull *ſound* of the *former* names, did ſo *ſtartle* the *Divell*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rivall* in the very words, or elſe afraid of a *Diſcovery*, hearing his own *names* become ſo *Common*; he is now *bribed* to ſtay by the *Flattery* of this *later*, and ſecurely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breſt, without the leſt ſeare of Diſturbance.

But ſeeing the *Gallant* is ſo great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, If I make bold to adde *one* more, and call him with no leſſe *reaſon*, but in more *words*, *The Divel's Ghoſt*. For whileſt *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of *Time* and *Pains* to Haunt and Seduce *others*,

Here

Here he meets with *one* not halfe ſo *coy*, but ſuch an one as by his *unſeaſonable* kindneſſe, ſeems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Divell*. And doubtleſſe, if he goe but on halfe ſo faſt a while longer, as he has done of late yeares, He will *tire* and *Puzzle* the whole numerous *Hoſte* of *Hell*, to Invent a *variety* of *objects* anſwerable to *that* of his *Humours*.

To ſpeake him out a little more plainly, our *Engliſh Gentleman*, as now a daies we commonly meet him, is ſuch a *ſtrange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* Soule he is, that no leſſe then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World muſt be ſummon'd in to make up a *Partiall Deſcription* of him: Of an *Eſſentiall Definition* I dare hardly think him Capable, leſt thereby granting him a *Compleat Eſſence*, I ſhould be forced, at leſt in a *Metaphyſicall* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much ſcorned, and it is that which (If yet his *pride* will afford him *any*) he very truly thinks the fitteſt *Compellation* for the poore honeſt *Labourer*. The ſame he will ſometimes

times vouchſafe to beſtow upon thoſe few *Tenants* his *Prodigallity* has *ſpared* him. Such a *Complicacy* of *Evils* goes to his *Conſtitution*, that ere we ſhall be able to fit him with a *name*, wee muſt borrow it from *Sathan* himſelfe and call him *Legion*. As *ſinne* and *vanity* make up his very *Eſſence*; ſo can nothing but *wonder* and *ſhame* Compoſe his *Character*.

§. 2. *His Nature in Generall.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *Generall* deſcription of him thus. The *Gallant* is a Pretty, neat, Phantaſticall *Out-ſide* of a *man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be ſo much *deceived*, as to think him *Something*. But a true *man* you can never Imagine him, he hath too long agoe ſhaked hands with his *Reaſon*, and now counts it the greateſt degree of *Baſeneſſe* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to ſeeme beholding for any thing unto ought but his own *Humour*.

He is a well-digeſted *bundle* of moſt

Coſtly

Coſtly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and down the ſtreets to gather more of that ſame *Chargeable Dirt:* as if he ſhould have enough to excuſe his ſinne, when he can at once ſay, it is both *glorious* and *Coſtly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodicall Erratas* bound up in a *gilt Cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *diſorders* ſeem to be *orderly*; and his *Errors* not *Caſuall* but *Studied*, and he can tell how to *ſinne* moſt *Ingeniouſly*. He is a *Curiouſly* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shels* and other *Trumpery*, which were much better quite *Empty*, then ſo emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* ſtuck round with *Briſtol Diamonds*, Pritty ſparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay ſhow* in a *foole's Cap*, or on a *Dunghill*, But in a *Lapidary's ſhop* amongſt *true* ſtones, have onely ſo much *luſtre* left as will prove themſelves to be but *Counterfeit*. Such a Silly *Gloworme* may looke like a little *Starre* in the *Darke*, but it's *Splendor* is alwaies ſure to be *benighted* with the *Riſing Sunne*. 'Tis no ſmall advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darkneſſe* of *Ignorance*

rance which *obſcures* the great vertues of ſo many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* ſo *viſible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulneſſe* of mettall, makes him endure ſo long in the world, whileſt the *keener* zeale of *nobler* Soules, ſoone makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I doe heartily wiſh he would give us no reaſon to call him, the *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead and Rotten in Treſpaſſes and ſins*: If this Compariſon will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggaring Gentleman*.

He is a *man's skin* full of *prophaneneſſes*, a *Paradiſe* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devills*, or *Sathan's Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of God's Own making: ſuch an *Excellency* would he faine hold in the *baſeſt Iniquity*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean* Man, at beſt but a lump of *animated dirt* kneeded into *Humane Shape*, and if he have any ſuch thing as a *Soule* (which he ſhall hardly be able to perſwade any man to believe that ſees how little *care* he takes to *ſave* it)

it seems to be *patch'd* up of *vice* and *Bravery.*

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Sonne* of an *Offender.* His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nebility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors.* There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *feare* going to *Hell* or no at his *death*; because he has been so well *acquainted* with it in his *life-time*; whither if he have not leave every day to take his full *Carier*, he think, his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Liberty*; as if he had no other way left him of Imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often *descending into Hell.* O what a piece of *Gallantry* is it now a dayes for a man to *give* his *Soul* to the *Divell* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgment:* A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effeminacy* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*; and make the world believe

believe he were ſuch a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *petty* ſinner can *outface* an *Earthly*, hee'l doe his beſt to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunall; and make it appeare unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *Spirit*, dares *goe* to Hell, before he will be ſaid to *feare* it. Indeed *he* alone ſeems to have the art of turning *Nature* upſide-down, and will onely be a perfect *man* at the *Pap*, when he is *wean'd* he gives both his *humanity* and *Innocence* to his *Nurſe* for her *wages*, I am ſure he is *rarely*, if *ever*, after that time, ſeen to have *either* about him. In ſhort, The *Gentleman* is nothing that he *ſhould* be: His whole *life* is a flat *Contradiction* to his *duety*; His conſtant *ſtudy* is to teach his *Body* how to put *affronts* upon his *ſoul*, and to give *him* the *lie* who dares tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *ſaved*; He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*, any other *happineſſe* beſides his *pleaſures*, or an *Hell* diverſe from that which *Chriſtianity* has objected to the *Coward's Phancy*. He hasthe *Courage* to be *any* thing but *what he ſhould* be, an *Honeſt man* or a *Good Chriſtian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Imploiment.*

The *Gallant's* Generall *Calling* and *Emploiment* is, to ſcorne all *buſineſſe*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he ſpares not to rack his *brains*, and rob his *ſoule* as much of her *Naturall* as her *Spirituall* reſt, to ſupply the *wanton* world with *variety* of Inventions. He takes an eſpeciall care that nothing may ever appeare *old* about him, but the *Old Man of Sin*, and him he every day expoſes to Publick view in a *ſeverall Dreſſe*, that (if it be poſſible) he may perſwade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed ſo *miſerably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this ſinfull Nature, that any man, who had not a *Spirituall* eye, to diſcerne the ſame *Proud* and *Luxurious Divell* in all his Actions, would almoſt think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *New Suit* for every day throughout the Yeare.

Thus he that thinks it ſo much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongſt the *Labourers* in God's *Houſe* or *Vineyard*; and diſdaines to receive his *Penny*, with thoſe he ſhould

ſhould call his brethren, either as a *Reward*, or a *Gratuity*; but ſeems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inhæritance*: Yet is he Content to ſit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his Slaviſh *Prentices* or *Journy-men*, who feeds him with courſe and *Empty Huſks* here, and will reward him with an *Hellfull* of torments for his *labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Gliſtering Maſſe* of *Swaggering Idleneſſe*: and he makes it his chiefe Study to Demonſtrate to the world, how many ſeverall wayes *Idleneſſe* has found out to be *buſy*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does juſt *Nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *Nothing* to a *Good* but *much* to a *bad* or no Purpoſe. Though he may often ſeem to ſit *ſtill*, and not to *move* ſo much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *ſoule* cloſe at *worke*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be moſt *Panſibly Idle*. He acts ſo little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he ſhould be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*; or as if the onely *buſineſſe* God intended him,

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *End* but this, to ſhow the world that he could make *ſomething* whereof he had no *need* when *made*; as if whileſt he created *other* men for *uſe* and *Service*, he intended *him* onely, as *Artiſts* doe ſome of their *neat'ſt* but *Slighteſt* pieces of work to ſtand upon the *ſtall*, or hang out for a *ſigne* at the Shop-windowes, to ſhow *paſſengers* with what the *Shop* is furniſh'd within. Or if you will, you may looke upon him as upon the *painted ſigne* of a *Man hung* up in the *Ayre*, onely to be *toſſ'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanity*. Such a vain *ſhadow* or *Picture* is he, that were there no more but himſelfe I ſhould take the boldneſſe to Affirme there were no ſuch *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he ſeems of no more worth then a Piece of *Out-caſt Iron*, lying *uſeleſſe* upon the face of the Earth, 'till his *ſoule* be even *eaten* away with *Ruſt* and *Sleath*. *God* made him a *Man*, but to prove *himſelfe* his own *God* by a *Second Creation*, he endeavours

vours to *make* himſelfe a *Bruit*, nay a ſenſeleſſe *Carkaſſe* that only *Cumbers* the Earth, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lies upon, and *Stink* in the Noſtrils of the moſt High. If ever he *Sweat*, it is in purſuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *ſport*, in *running* away from his *Worke*, and in the *chaſe* after his *Eaſe*: And yet even in *that* he can never *reſt*, this indeed being the Naturall fruit of *Idleneſſe*, that it makes the *Sluggard* weary, not onely of whatſoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleneſſe* it ſelfe.

§. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So ſoone as his *age* is capable of *Inſtruction* and *Diſcipline* he is ſent to *School*, or rather by reaſon of too great an Indulgence in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the fooliſh *Mother* do not more awe the *School-maſter*, then *he* his *Schollar*, the *Rod* and an *empty purſe* together do for a while preſerve him *himſelfe*: But it ſhall not be long, ere he find roome enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *loſe* himſelfe again. Yet

truely it is a great rarity in this age, to see the earliest *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usuall a thing with the *debauch'd father*, to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Father's own Sonne*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a speciall piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Vertue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to think them *Spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young Child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would look no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *Child* and laying an unseasonable *Damp* upon the comely *sprightfulnesse* of *youth*? 'Tis fit he should be *mann'd* up by *bold* and *daring* exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now, when he is young. *Divinity* & *Morality* are supposed to much to *mollifie* and *emasculate* the brave soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper for *Noble* and

Generous

Generous actions. To inſtruct him how *hereafter* he ſhould manfully reſiſt his *Enemies*, he ſhall *firſt* be taught to fight againſt *God* and *Goodneſſe*. It is indeed moſt lamentable to conſider how very few of thoſe we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *Honeſt men* or *Good Chriſtians:* as if it were their onely *buſineſſe* to *beget* them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may moſt *unprofitably* ſpend the ſhort *leavings* of their own *Luxury*. Thus at their *death* leave they them *doubly* Miſerable in bequeathing them, *firſt*, little to live upon, and *ſecondly*, many waies to ſpend it. Indeed the greateſt *Charity* and *providence* in ſuch *Prodigall Parents*, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that ſo they might not *give* them, with their *eſtates*, ſo many unhappy *opportunities* of becomeing altogether as *bad* as themſelves.

But the *Hopefull Youth* muſt be a *Gentleman*, and in all haſt he muſt be ſent to ſee the *Univerſity* or *Innes of Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to goe to *School*. Whither he comes, not to get

Learning

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Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is, to enable himſelfe hereafter to *talke* of the *Cuſtomes* and *Faſhions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things elſe) for *Faſhion's* ſake. Such an one who may ſerve at leaſt, as *poore Boyes* doe in ſome *Princes* Courts, to *ſuſtain* the blame of the *Young Gentleman's* Miſcarriages, and whom the *father* may *chide* and *beat* when the *Son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor*, that if his *Schollar* chance to returne *home* (as too ſeldome he does) with either *Schollarſhip* or *Piety*, he ſhall then have the *Credit* or *Diſcredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Schollar*, or *ſpoiling* the *Gentleman*; ſeeing his *parents* had taken order he ſhould bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *yeare* or *two*, if he have no *mother* upon whom he muſt beſtow at leaſt *three* parts of that time in *viſits*, elſe his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *Credit* looſe ſo much good *time*, or is it may be afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *Home*. In this time he will, in all probability have

learn'd

learn'd how to make choiſe of his *boon Companions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to weare a *Gaudy Suite* and a *Torne Gowne*; To *curſe* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal's Prieſt*, and to *ſell* more books in halfe an *Houre* then he had *bought* him in a *yeare*; To *forget* the *ſecond* yeare what perhaps for *want* of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of the *place* he was forced for a *Paſſe-time* to *learne* in the *firſt*; and then he thinks he has *learning* enough for *him* and his *heirs* for ever.

And now that he may be able to *maintain* his *title* to ſo wretched an *eſtate*, it is time he ſhould be haſten'd away to ſome *Inne of Court*, there to ſtudy the *Law* as he did the *Liberall Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledg*. Here his *pretence* is to *ſtudy* and *follow* the Law, but it's his *Reſolution* never to *know* or *obey* it; If in any meaſure he do apply himſelfe to it, it is to this one *end*, that he may know how to *plead* for himſelfe when he *breaks* it: or to attain at laſt to ſo much more *Law* then *Honeſty*, as to *Cozen* him that has more *Honeſty* then *Law*. Here indeed he learnes to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) ſomewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock-happineſſe* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumiſſion* from the *Tyranny* (as he termes it) of a *School-maſter* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy *year* of his *Enfranchiſement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole life-time is to be one continued *day* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he reſolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and now begins to cleare himſelfe from all *Suſpicion* of *Goodneſſe*, which *Conſtraint* and *Feare*, made ſome believe there was a *Poſſibility* of before.

§. 5. *His Habit and Garbe.*

As his *Condition of life* ſeems now to be *New*, ſo does he endeavour that *all* ſhould appeare *New* about him except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *thoſe*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, becauſe he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonneſſe* have a very *rare* and *ready* invention: here's a *New Garbe*, New *Cloathes*, and a New *body* too, O could he but once get him a *New Soule* or *no Soule* he

he might be thought *happy*. When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truely ('tis too much to be fear'd) there you ſee as much of it, as he ever ſhall. He is ſo trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he had reſolved to make his *Body* a *Lure* for the *Divell*, and with this *Bravery* would make a *bate*, ſhould *tempt* the *Tempter* to fall in *love* with him. He looks as if he had *prevented* our firſt *Mother* in ſinning, and wanting *patience* to *ſtay* for the *fruit*, had pluck'd the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* ſeems to be *made* of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, *trimm'd* with *Cloath*. By his *variety* of *Faſhions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reaſon dare never ſweare him to be the *ſame* man they formerly had to deale withall. His *Mercer* may very well be afraid to looſe him in a *Labyrinth* of his *own* cloath, which yet *ſits*, or *hangs* (ſhall I ſay) for the moſt part ſo *looſely* about him, as if it were ever ready to *fly* away for feare of the *Serjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *hat*, which a ſilly *Bird* was but a while agoe *weary* of carrying

carrying in her *tayle?* Doe but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be ſure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern.* His *head* and *Feather* will ſerve both for *ſigne* and *Buſh.*

If you obſerve but a little his ſtrange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walks the *ſtreets*, or that other more *ſet* and *affected* one reſerved for his *forme* of *Complement*; You would conclude he were going to ſhow *Tricks*; I am ſure he wants nothing but a *ſtage* erected for the purpoſe. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mold* his *Body* at the *Dancing-School*; as if the onely *ſhame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges.* Every ſtep he takes preſents you with a perfect *Puppit-play.* And *Rome* it ſelfe could not in an *Age* have ſhown you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *Halfe* an houre: whoſe whole *life* is indeed no other then one *ſtudied* imitation of all the *vanities* Imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would gueſſe

gueſſe there could be no ſuch ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* firſt into that *Beaſt*, which now, if ever, is moſt like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himſelfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinary* ſort of *men*.

§. 6. *His Language and Diſcourſe.*

His *Language and Diſcourſe* are altogether ſuitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; All *affected* and *Apiſh*, but indeed for the moſt part much more *vile*, *ſinfull* and *Abominable*. When it is moſt *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then moſt *quaint* and *Rhetoricall*, when *Drolling* or *prophane*. Although he make it his whole buſineſſe whenſoever he *dares* be *Bookiſh* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furniſh himſelfe with an *Elegant* and *Courtlike expreſſion*; yet will all but amount to this at moſt, that ſometimes he may be *able* to talke *well*, and ſhow us how much he is a better *Speaker* then a *man*: That he ſhall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into ſome of the moſt

most *Modish* and *Dissembling Complements*, and to *Interlard* an affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parentheſis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so *point*, *accent* and *Adorne* all with Curious and Phantastick *flourishes*, that his *words* are often as much *lost* in his *Actions*, as his *sense* in his *words*.

A piece of *noisy Bombast* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the *Substance* of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so *rude* and *Antique* a forme, that *staring* (as it were) the hearer in his face, it goes nigh to *scare* him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New-Coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talke at the next *Ordinary*, In his own fond *Conceit* and by the *votes* of his simple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*: a wanton piece of *Drollery* will send him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenious* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frollick Companions*, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of

wit,

wit, and 'tis ſtrange, he can think of nothing will doe this ſo well as *flat fooleryes*; for moſt perfectly ſuch is that *Drolling* veine wherein he is ſo frequently induſtrious to ſhow himſelfe a *witty foole*; What a *learned* age is this we live in, when he is the beſt *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can beſt act the *Ruſtick*, and moſt facilely Imitate the *rudeneſſe* and *Flatneſſe* of his *language*? and when he alone muſt be eſteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatlieſt* play the *fool* to Humour *Mad-men*? To be *ſober* or *ſerious* in the *Gentleman's* Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockiſh*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety* and *Diſcretion*, nor proclaime her ſelfe to be moſt *affectedly prophane*, or as induſtriouſly *vaine* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *note* ſweet enough for his *Cage*. Tis a wonderfull thing to ſee, how the *Apiſh Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *ſober Invention*, and *Genuine wit*. A *Mimicall* tone, a *Phantaſtick* action, a *Couchant* ſenſe, and a Phraſe *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *Spungy Eares*

of moſt Companions, that they will *ſuck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* looks upon him as a poore *ſolitary foole*, who will not thus make himſelfe on *Aſſe* for *Company*.

But (alas) all theſe are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*, wherein it *ſports* it ſelfe in it's *Infancy*, e're it attaine to that *nimbleneſſe* and *volubility* of expreſſion which becomes a *Gentleman*. Hee is not alwayes delighted in theſe *ſoft* walkes; but as he grows more a *man*, hee chooſes him *rougher* paths, and more *manly* exerciſes. By degrees hee ſteps up from *Idleneſſe*, and *Emptineſſe*, *foolery* & *Drollery*, to *Scurrility* & *obloquy*; when at every ſtep he *tramples* ſome *Good* Man's *Honour* in the *Duſt*; at each word he *ſpits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labours to *beſpatter* with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Diſgrace*, every *name* and *reputation*, that ſtands above his *owne:* And you may be ſure he will ever throw the *blackeſt dirt* upon the *faireſt face*, where it may certainly do the greateſt *miſchiefe*, and be moſt *conſpicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never miſſes the *white*; but (as good luck is) ſuch is the *Impenitrability* of *Innocence*, when *darted* at by the poyſon'd

poyſon'd arrowes of *Envy*, he never *holes* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipſe* thoſe *lights* that ſhine *brighteſt*, wee ſhould not have one *ſtarre* left in vertue's *Heaven*: And thoſe *lights* which were ſent into the world to *guide* him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *firſt* endeavours to *extinguiſh*, that ſo he may without *check* or *ſhame* wander through all *the workes of darkneſſe* into *Hell*. What ſo often in his mouth, as that which he never names but with the *deepeſt* accent of *ſcorne* and *diſdain*, a *Paltry Parſon?* And he does not ſtick often to tel him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeall*, he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may doe well to keep him to his *tub*, and tell a *preciſe ſtory* once or twice a week, to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Countrey-Church*, and forbear to read *lectures* of *Godlineſſe* to *perſons* whom he ſhould be afraid to *looke* upon but at a *Diſtance*. That *he* brought more learning from *ſchool* with him, then all the *Canonicall Caſſocks* and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their tough *Logicall Notions* and *knotty Metaphyſicks* ſhall be ever able to Contain.

With a thousand more such like *raveings* of a *wild* and *Atheisticall* brain. I shall willingly forbeare to *personate* him any farther in them, lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never bee) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophaine *Railleryes*.

Neither are his *Discourses* less *Beastly* then *Devilish*, less *Filthy* then *Malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and nauseous for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himselfe*, will be apt to conclude, that *nature spoyl'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Body*. Certainly there must be a *Corrupted* and *putrified Soul* within, whence there dayly steames out so much odious and *stinking breath*. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentleman's Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse*. He is not onely taken with the *wanton* language and *Lascivious* Dialect of Love, wherein to accomplish himselfe, he makes it too much his busyness to collect what he can out of all the loose *pastcralls*, Beastly *Poems*, and *Bandy* pieces of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to

turne

turne our *Booksellers shops* into so many *stakes*: But he takes a great deal of pleasure to *lick* with his *tongue*, the Nauseous *Botches*, and Putrified *sores*, and the Infectious *Leprosies* of *wit*. O how does he delight to *dwell* upon the *sore* place of an obscene Poem! and he neuer *Commends* the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmityes*. He is no *Company* for the *Gallant* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period Commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in Love with any other; Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I *tremble* to *mention*, though he esteems it the greatest *Grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean, *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems Continually to *measure* out his *time* by *sins* instead of *Minutes*; so his *louder Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be Compared to the *Great Clocke*, which gives us notice how his *houres* passe. This is that pleasing part of his language, wherein he so ordinarily bids *defiance* to his *God*, and so powerfully *Courts* the *Devill*; with whom

by this means he has as *frequent Converſe* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has ſo great a variety of theſe Helliſh *Complements*, that the *Maiſter* of that *Language Sathan* himſelfe, may in a little time ſtand in need of an *Interpreter* to underſtand him.

This is a *ſin* to which there are ſo few colourable *Inducements* or *provocations*, that *herein*, or not at all, the Gallant ſhows his *Proficiency* nnder that *Good Maſter* he ſerves, and proves how *ſtraight* he can goe to *Hell* and how *faſt*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he ſeems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *Lazy* and *dull* ſinner, whilſt in Every *Oath* he loudly *ſwears*, that *ſoul* not to be worth a damning, which cannot *ſin* without a *temptation*. Tis here he expreſſes his great *Charity* to the *Devill*, for as if he were afraid the *tempter* ſhould have to great a *load* of *other* men's *ſins* at the *laſt* and *great* day of acounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to *ſome* of his ſins, and openly profeſſes he is able to goe farre enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *ſeducer*.

How many *Horrible* and *hideous Oathes* doth

does he daily *invent*, onely to *ſwell* up his *cheekes*, and make his *words* ſound *high* and *bigge* in the Eares of thoſe that *tremble* not to *heare* him? with what *boldneſſe* and *pride* does he abuſe God's moſt *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloake* and *varniſh* to ſet off his moſt *falſe*, *looſe*, and *prophane* ſpeeches. As if indeed he had this deſperate *deſigne* upon Almighty God, to render his ſacred *Name Odious* to the world, by taking it ſo often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as Common extravagancy of his *tongue*, which is the *abuſing* and making a *Mock* of God's *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetoricke* ſeemes all *Low* and *Flat* ſo long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* ſide *Prophaneneſſe*; but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheekes*, and *ſet his face againſt the Heavens*, and to *emboſſe* his diſcourſe with a *Rumbling Oath*, then hee begins to think himſelfe an *Oratour* with a *witneſſe*.

§. 7. *His Religion and Converſation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentleman's Religion*, ſeeing hee

has ſo very little either of *Honeſty* or *Humanity*. The *ſad* truth is, he is ſo farre from being indeed *Religious*, that he is *aſhamed* of nothing ſo much as that any man ſhould have the *charity* to *think* him ſo, Againſt this *Ignominious brand* of a *Godly man*, he takes the readieſt Courſe he can to *vindicate* himſelfe, that is, openly to *deride* all thoſe that owne it; *Laughing* aloud at *all ſuch* as have more *religion* then *himſelfe*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *Blaſpheming* his *God*, is luſtily to *Curſe* the *Devill*: and to *declaime* both againſt *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven* and the *Throne* of *Grace*, and he does as much *ſcorne* to *ſay* his *prayers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Neceſſity* can perſwade him to do *either*. *Devotion* and *Humility* are names wholly inconſiſtent with *Nobility* and *Gallantry*; Theſe become not that *Brave Heroïck Spirit*, which had *rather* chuſe to *ſtarve* even his *ſoul* to all *eternity*, then to receive *ſalvation* it ſelfe at the *expence* of a *petition*. Tis for ſuch *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *Courage* to undergoe with *Alacrity* the *torments* of *Hell-fire*, to

ſtoop

ſtoop ſo low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*, Alas he ſees no ſuch *lovelynes* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to ſo *ſubmiſſive* a *Courtſhip*: And yet he is ſo Confident to *Enjoy* them *all* at laſt, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his bleſſings, or as ſome fooliſh *lovers* take occaſion to *double* their *addreſſes* from the *unkindneſs* of a *Coy Miſtres*, God would the more *Earneſtly* importune him to be *ſaved*, the more *diſdainfully* he lookes upon *ſalvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appeares at *Church*, it is but to give you a teſtimony of his *courage*, whereby he ſhows how he *dare* ſometimes *venture* upon what he moſt *feares*. But then he behaves himſelfe ſo *proudly* there, as if he would *Command* the *Great* God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his diſtance*, and he may be ſure, *ſo* he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto *none* but ſuch as will firſt *draw nigh* unto *him*. But ſome times his appearance in the *Holy Aſſembly* argues more *Cowardice* then *Courage*, and ſhews that he *fears* the *Conſtable* more then *God*; and to be *religious* more then to appear ſo. Here if he ſtay long, he is no leſſe *pain'd* in *hearing* the *Ser-*

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mon, then if both his *Eares* were fast *nailed* to the *Pillory*. To prevent *tediousness* and to give himselfe as much *Ease* as may be; he *picks* up *here* and *there* something from the *Preacher* to make *merry* with, at the next *meeting*: Or else he *meditates* upon the *Ladies* as they set in their *Sunday's-Beauties*; and then he *returnes* from the *Church*, as most doe, who *come* thither with no better *intentions*, ten-times more an *Atheist* then he came.

But as fast as the *Gentleman's Atheisme* has taught him to *jeer* and *laugh* at all *those* who are so *soft-hearted*, as to professs a *Religion*, so well has their *Religion* taught them to *pitty* and *pray* for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no *estate* (as many who think themselves *Gentlemen* have *none*) he makes his *vices* his *trade*, and so *traffickes* first for a *liveing*, and then for *damnation*. The *Tavern* for the most part is his *Exchange*, where haveing prepared the way for *one wickednes* by *another*, some *drunken cheat* is usually the *Enriching Bargain*; and this, when discover'd, must pass by the name of an *Ingenious frolick*. Here he lyes *drinking* out the *Day*, except he be forced to *sleep* out the

the laſt *night's* Intemperance. This is the ſtage of his *Wit* and *wantonneſſe*: where he thinkes himſelfe a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down ſtaires at *once*, the *Drawer* & his *Bottle*, and ſound the *Alarme* to the *Skirmiſh* in a Loud *peal* of New-faſhion'd *Curſes*. After all's done there, he walkes the *ſtreets* as *light* in his *head* as his *Purſe*, and much oftner ſalutes the *Pavement* then the *Paſſengers*.

He Drinks as *ſtoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his Belly to quench the *flames* of Hell; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himſelfe ſo farre into a *Beaſt*, as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has *Drunk* his fill, he ſtudies how to make the next young *heir* he meets with, *pay* the reckoning. If he chance to meet with ſome poore Innocent *Lady*, whom a *ſweet word* or *two* may make his miſerable *prey*, he makes a ſhift to ſcrue a *ring* or *two* off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *ſhot*, and his *Common ſhe* for his next night's *lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden* or at leaſt a *Gilded ſinner*, a *Royall ſlave*, a *Prodigall ſparke*; one who hates no *name* ſo much as that of *Chriſtian*; becauſe he

he is afraid it would make him *Melancholy*. He travails over the wide *world* of ſin, 'till he have as little *money* as *Religion*, and no more *Credit* then *money*. So that he is uſually at laſt conſtrain'd either to lie *hid*, and ſo become his *own Priſoner*, or to *pawn* his *Body* to his *Gaoler* for his *chamber*, or elſe to become a *Citizen* of the *World*, and ſo at laſt is *every where* at *home*, becauſe he is indeed at *home no where*.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *apologie* for making ſo *bold* with the *Gallant* as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am ſo farre from *acknowledging* my ſelfe *obliged* to doe; that I ſhall *hardly* obtaine mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *reſpect* then a tender *Compaſſion* to his *Perſon*, and a moſt perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I *here* take leave of him. In good earneſt (Sir) I have not the *patience* to *follow* him any farther, no not in thoſe *paths* wherein he *walkes* with ſo much *Pride* and *Complacency*. If he think I have uſed him too

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unkindly, I ſhall onely anſwer, that it is not halfe ſo *ill* as he uſes himſelfe: who by being ſo much his own *enemy*, has found out a very eaſy way for his *beſt friends* to be *ſo* too, and yet ſolve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *diſtinction* betwixt his *Spirituall* and his *Carnall ſelfe*.

I thank *God*, I have learn'd to *hate* a *vice* in my *beſt friend*, and the *more* I hate it the *better* I *love* my friend, whom I ſhall ever wiſh *ſo* well, as that he may continue *for ever Vertuous*, that ſo I may *for ever* have his *friendſhip*. And I have as well learn'd to *love* the *ſoule* of my moſt *vicious Enemy*, and the rather becauſe I know my *Saviour* did as *much* for *me*.

I dare not think a *Sinner* needs my *prayers* one jot the *leſſe*, but much *more* my *Pitty*, becauſe he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am ſure he would ſay as much himſelfe, if he could but ſeriouſly conſider what *diſtinction* of *blood* or *Degrees* there is to be expected in *Hell*, or what *reſpect* will there be ſhew'n to the *Son* of a *Prince* more then to a *Beggar*. Which was beſt rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poore* and ſo long *deſpiſed Lazarus*? A *Captive* is ſtill to be look'd upon

upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie *bound* in *Fetters* of *Gold*, and to have a ſtately *Palace* for his *Priſon*; Nor ſhall I think that *Malefactor's* torments much the leſſe who has the *honour* at his *execution* to have his *Fatall Pile* made up of all the richeſt *Spices* of *Arabia*. How great an *happineſſe* found he in his *death*, whoſe *ſentence* it was to be *ſmother'd* to death in a *Bed* of *Roſes*? That *Priſoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very *good* Condition, who, when he ſhould be ſinging *Pſalms* unto his *God*, and ſo with the *Captive Apoſtles* ſet his *ſoule* at *liberty*; when he ſhould on the *wings* of *Devotion* ſend her out with *Noah's Dove*, to fetch in the *Olivebranch* of *Peace* and *liberty* from *Heaven*; when he ſhould do all this, can yet in a *rough* Note, and ſome *wild diſjoynted Catch*, Crown his cups, and *Invoke* the Curs'd Inhabitants of Hell in an *Health* to the *Divell*: whatever *others* better *bred* and of a more *Gentile* Education may think of him, *I* ſhall never be able to *Commend* ſuch a man's *Courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I ſhall (I hope) be able to doe, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Chriſtian*, *bewaile* his *madneſſe*, *Lament*

ment his *Folly*, and earneſtly *pray* that God would at length in great *mercy*, *reſtore* him to his *loſt ſelfe* and *ſenſes*. Thus would I hold my ſelfe bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwiſe for our *Engliſh Gallant:* For were it my purpoſe to ſhow how *Eaſily* a man might *be*, rather then how *hard* it is for him, *not* to be *Satyricall* upon ſo *foule* a Subject; or did I not more deſire with *cyle* to *heale* then with *ſalt* and *Vineger* to *vex* his *wounds*, I could without the leaſt wreſting fully apply unto the *Perſon* we ſpeak of, all the *Symptomes* and *degrees*, of the moſt *extreem Madneſſe* or *Brutiſh Folly* Imaginable. But I leave him here, and for thoſe others which are behind I ſhall ſtudy more *Brevity* if not leſſe *Bitterneſſe*.

SECT. 2.

SECT. II.

§. 1. *The Second ſort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongſt thoſe which are truely ſuch.*

I Would not have you think (*Sir*) that I have done with the *Spurious Gentleman*, when I have done with the *Gallant*. I ſhould do ſome *violence* to the *true* Gentleman's *vertues*, ſhould I ſay *all* that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *juſt* ſuch as *he*, and deale ſomewhat too *ſeverely* with *him* of whom I am *now* to ſpeake, if I ſhould Conclude *all* that are *none* of the *Beſt*, to be the *very worſt*. I find my ſelfe therefore neceſſitated to ſay a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reaſon to call him a *Saint*. If we eie the *Common Courſe* of his life, and his *Ordinary Converſation*; we may perhaps diſcover in *him* ſomething more of *Modeſty* and the *man*, then

then in the *former*, yet ſhall we not find *much more* then what is to be read in thoſe *two names*, of *Religion* or the *Chriſtian*: At beſt, he has in him onely *ſo* much of *Chriſtianity* as may *ſave* his *Credit* in *this* world *not* his *ſoule* in the *other*. And of this *ſort* is (alas, I may too truely ſay) the farr *greateſt* part of our *Engliſh Gentry*; I muſt include very many of our *Nominall Nobility*, and not a *few* of the *Reall* too, I mean as farre as *blood alone* will make them *ſo*, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *Citty* or *Country*, whom his *neighbours*, as well as himſelfe, do too often, for want of a *better*, *flatter* into *Some-body*. *One*, who though he has more *diſcretion* then to be *ſtark mad*; and more *ſobriety* than to *dwell* in a *Taverne*, or to *transforme* his *own houſe* (as too many chuſe to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*; I am ſure there *wants* very *little* of it in many, but the *Correction* and *Diſcipline*; Though he be not fully *arrived* at the very *height* of *Vanity*, nor can yet take a *Pride*, by the idle *expence* both of *eſtate* and *Honour*, to *purchaſe* an irremediable *Poverty* to his *heires*, and to *himſelfe* the Empty *title* of *Spark* and *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perſwade me

to believe, the *Principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *Modesty* and *Sobriety*, such as may *merit* him the *Name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian.* Indeed the greatest *Difference* betwixt *him* and the *Gallant* seems to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *Spume* and *Froth* of *Nobility*, which ever workes *upwards*, impatient of a *Confinement* within any *limitts* whatsoever, but alwaies *flies out* by reason of it's extraordinary *Levity* into *Emptyness* and *Ayre*; this *other Gentleman* like the *Lees* or *Dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *Grosse* and *Terrene* parts, *settles* wholy *downwards* till he come to the very *bottom* of all *Baseness*: Such *Lees* though at present of some more *use* then the *other*, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§ 2. *Severall sorts of such Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate* and a full *Cheſt*; and *these*, excepting a *Coate* of *Armes*, and a few old *Pictures* hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let strangers see who were his *Father* and *Mother*, are

are *all* he has to *ſhow* for his *Nobility*: and yet his *too* great *Care* in preſerving *theſe*, is for the moſt part, that wherby he forfeits his *Honour*: For as the *Former* freely *ſpent* his *eſtate* to make him a *Gallant*, ſo this *later* as freely *parts* with all *Gallantry* to *ſave* his *eſtate*. If *Nature* have bleſſ'd him with ſome *Good parts* and *Faculties*, and if the *care* of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *Ornaments* and *accompliſhments* of a *Gentleman*; yet there alwayes appeares ſome *abatement* or other in his *Bearing*, which *Diſgraces* all: And there is that baſe *alloy* of (I know not what) *droſſe*, in his beſt *Gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *uſeleſs* both to *himſelfe* and all the *world* beſides. In *ſome* this is *Covetouſneſs*, and a *love* of the *world*; in others 'tis *Cowardice* and a *Poor-ſpirit*; In a *third* ſort *Lazyneſs* and a *Love* of *Eaſe*; and in *many* others *Pride* and a *vain-glorious Humour*. Though in *favour* to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, leſt it might ſeem to be quite *voyd* of *all ſuch* things as true *Gentry* and *Nobility*; men are willing very often to *beſtow* upon them too *Good-Names*; Calling the *firſt Providence* and a *Naturall Care*; The *ſecond Pru-*

dence and a *Commendable Policy*; The *third* a *Good-Nature* and a *Peaceable mind*; and the *laſt* a *Noble* and *brave Spirit*, and a *piece* of *Neceſſary ſtate*. I Confeſſe I am as ready as any man to caſt into him all the *allowances*, he can in any *reaſon* demand, or I with *ſafety* grant him, and *all* will be little enough to make him full *weight* for a *Gentleman*. But he muſt pardon me, if I love not to hear *Good-names* thus groſly *abuſed*; nor to ſee the moſt *beloved* and *plauſible vices* paſſe ſo Currently and unqueſtion'd for *Vertues*. *Call* them what we *will*, and *make* them as *Good* as we *can*, as they are enough to *ſink* the *Gentleman* as farr *below* his *name* as *Hell* is below *Heaven*; ſo have they been too effectuall and prevalent of late, to the *choaking* up all *breathings* of true *Religion* and *Piety*, and to the bringing a Glorious *Church* and flouriſhing *Kingdome*, to ſay no worſe, into a very *low* and *ruinous* Condition. And this I dare be bold to affirme, though I take not my ſelfe for a *Politician*, that let us all *pretend* and *Endeavour* too what we can, till we can make theſe *Gilded vices* to be *known* and *owned* by their *owne names*, we ſhall have ſmall reaſon to hope for a *ſetled Church*, or

peace-

peaceable ſtate. I wiſh I had a *ſalve* which applyed to the *Gentleman's blind Eye* might take off the *Pearle* and make him *ſee* this truth.

§ 3. *The Provident* Gentleman.

The *Provident* Gentleman (as he loves to heare himſelfe miſcall'd) is *one* who is ever putting the queſtion with him in *Jeb. What profit is there in the Service of the Almighty?* If you could once perſwade him to beleeve that every *Good gift comes from above*, and that *Whoſoever askes ſhall indeed receive*, you would ſoon ſee him grow *Religious*, and heare him ſaying his *prayers* in good *Earneſt:* But alas, ſo long as he can make a ſhift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the *Dirt*, you muſt give him leave to Continue *Infidell* in theſe *particulars.* He is Content to heare of *Glorifying God*, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with *his Subſtance*, but then it becomes an *hard ſaying*, and hee'l heare you of that at a *more* Convenient *time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death-bed.* So little is he in *love* with, or *ſenſible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gaine* and *profit*, let *God*

or *any one* elſe (it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has juſt as much *God* and *Religion* as a *full Cheſt* will *hold*, his *God* and his *Gold* like *Hippocrates* his *Twinnes*, *live* and *thrive*, and are *ſick* and *dye* together: and yet it were much to be wiſh'd he were but *halfe* ſo induſtrious to preſerve the *one*, as he is to keep the *other*. Inſteed of *laying up his treaſure in Heaven*, he lays up his *Heaven* in his *Treaſury*; and, if God will be content with it ſoe, he ſhall be ſure to have his *heart there too*. *Covetouſneſs*, I dare ſay, in *ſuch* as *hee*, is the greateſt *Idolatry*; I am confident he would *fall downe* and *worſhip* the *Image* of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather then *want* the *ſingle penny* that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the *Apoſtle's* Propoſition, *That Godlineſſe is great gaine*, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Converſion, and not to be queſtion'd, *that Great gain is Godlyneſs*. If with the *Silver-ſmith* he can by his *craft* get his *wealth*, then ſhall *Religion* become his *trade*, and the *Church* his *forge*: But till then you muſt give him leave to be a *worſhipper* of his great Goddeſſe *Diana*. So farre is he from putting in practice that good

and

and wholesome advice, to *be Carefull in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks*; that he dares never read the text but backwards, *Give thanks for nothing but in every thing be carefull*, He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the *daie Content with it's own labour*, but on the Contrary he gives *every day* the *trouble* of *careing* for *many yeares*; and *therefore* is ready to Phancy himselfe farr from the *Rich Fool's* Condition in the *Gospell*, becaus he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or think that he had *enough* for *many yeares*.

He takes much more *paines* to leave his *Children Rich* then *Good*, and had rather give them a *Portion* then a *blessing*. The main *advice* he gives them is to be *thrifty* and *Good-husbands*, let them make themselves *Godly* and *Good-Christians*. All the *learning* he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond* and so much *Arithmetick* as may *secure* them from the *Dishonesty* of an *unjust Steward*; If he suppose the *Book* may be made a *thrifty diversion* to keep them from the greater *expense* of the *Taverne* or their *Game*, he may perhaps allow *something* towards a *study*.

And (be sure) he will be carefull enough, to give them so much *Law* as may be sufficient to *maintaine* their owne *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

If he go Constantly to *Church*, tis more to *serve himselfe* then his *God*. Often because he hopes by being *his* frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Parson* to let him his *tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *Conscience*, that so he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *suspicion*. For the most part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron* or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whilest he and his family grow *fat* by feasting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges *him* who dispenses *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *Crums* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of God thus often *starves* for want of *food*, whilest such *Dogs* Eat up the *Children's bread*: Such men's whole *Lives* are but so many *Continued Sacriledges*, and all they can alledge for themselves comes but to this, that they *hold* their *sin* as their *land* by right of *Inheritance*, from their *Ancestors*: Their *Coffers* grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, and at every meal with their *sacrilegious* teeth, like so many ravenous *wolves* or *vultures*, they *teare* in pieces the

Body

Body of Christ's languishing *Spouse:* But let her *dye*, the *Provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkasse* then his *Chests* grow *Empty*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heires* use to doe, at her *funeralls.*

It is long since this Good man turn'd *Charity* out of dores, as an *unthrifty Houſ-wife*, and one that made it her busyness to *throw* all away. The *Poor* come and goe about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard Cruſt* and *harder language.* He loves not thus to *lend* his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to returne him *Eight* in the *Hundred* here in *this* world. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *Hundred* for *one* here below, and *eternall life* hereafter in Heaven, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to waite for such a reward: Yet he could almost wish upon Condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without Persecution*; that the *later* might be reserved for such who can Phancy a *God* in *Heaven* better then a *thousand pound* in *hand.*

If

If this Gentleman can but ſo farre *deny himſelfe* as to do no open *violence* or *Injury* to any man; if he can arrive at that degree of *Chriſtianity*; which will enable him to reach the *Negative* part of *Juſtice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a faire progreſſe in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily miſtakes this part too. For to win *another's* eſtate by ſome *quillet* in the Law, or by *bribing* a Judge; to *over-reach* his poor neighbour in an hard *Bargain*; to take *advantage* of a needy perſon's preſent *neceſſity*, and accordingly raiſe the *price* of his Commodity; to *exact* firſt *more* then he is *able* to pay, and then make him pay *uſe* for his *diſability*; to ſend a poore naked ſoul to *bridewell* inſteed of an *Hoſpitall*, to the *ſtocks* inſteed of a *Bed*, to call him *knave* and *Vagabond*, that he may have a *pretence* not to *relieve* him: to ſuffer a languiſhing Creature to *dye* in the ſtreet, whilſt he had enough to *ſpare* wherewith to *feed* and cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the walls of *Jeruſalem*, when a ſmall *ſumme* out of his *purſe* would *repare* it; *Theſe* he can by no means reckon amongſt the *ſpecies* of *Injuſtice*, or as *defects* in *Charity*; but therefore counts

counts all good duties as things *unneceſſary* and no way obliging, indeed becauſe *chargable* and ſeemingly *Burthenſome*; and ſuch as contradict that thrifty *forecaſt*, and neceſſary *providence* he holds himſelfe tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wiſedom* to truſt God's *providence* now for ſome *miraculouſe* reliefe of the *preſent* poore, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his poſterity.

Certainly this is the *thing* that paſſes ſo Currently for *Providence*, even amongſt thoſe who are counted the *wiſer* and more *religious* ſort of our *Engliſh Gentlemen:* But if *this* can belong to *Chriſtianity*, then muſt *Covetouſneſſe* and a *Worldly* minde, be reckoned amongſt our *Chriſtian vertues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends ſuch *vertues* and ſuch *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jeruſalem*; whileſt our *richeſt Gallantry* have all along, in theſe calamitous times, choſen rather, by a kind of *Conſtrained bounty* to *reward* the *Demoliſhers*; then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruinated *Sion*. Beſides this, it is not a little to be fear'd that thoſe many Contrary *Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vowes* and *proteſtations*,

teſtations, which with the help of this *ſauce* of *providence* have been ſo readily *ſwallowed* (I fear I may ſay) by the greateſt part of our Gentry, will at laſt expoſe their *ſoules* within no leſſe to *Corruption*, then the Contrary *Qualities* do their *Bodies* without. O how happy might this poore *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *Rich Gentleman* under a pretence of a *Naturall affection* and a *Neceſſary Providence*, ſet an higher æſtimate upon his own *Cheſt*, then the *Arke* of God; upon his owne *Barne*, then the Lord's *Temple*; Had he not loved his *Intereſt* more then his *Religion*, the *ſafety* of his *Body* more then the *Salvation* of his *Soul*, his *Naturall children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them *all*.

§. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this ſhort view I have given you of the *Provident Gentleman*, I ſuppoſe you will grant him to be none of thoſe we may call the *beſt*, or ſuch as it might be wiſhed, wee had *many* of in our *Nation*; And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is *now* adayes knowne by that name, is not of a much *Nobler dye:* very often you ſhall find him

him to be the very *ſame*, alwayes very *neer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardice* is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her maske as *Covetouſneſs*; and would as gladly arrogate to her ſelfe the *never* more abuſed *names* then *now* of a *wiſe caution*, and a *Chriſtian Prudence*; as that *other* of a *vertuous thrift* and *neceſſary Providence*.

Inſteed of being (as *wiſedome* commanded his *Diſciples*) *wiſe as ſerpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wiſedom*; and have render'd themſelves very capable of that Commendable *Character*, which was long agoe given to the *Serpent*, *They are more ſubtile then all the beaſts of the field*; and the *Prudence* they boaſt of, and under which they vaile a *Carnall mind*, and a *Carking Cowardly ſoul*, is nothing elſe but a *worldly Policy*, or rather a *Devilliſh Subtilty*. They have made one halfe of the text quarrel with, and juſtle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wiſedome* of the *ſerpent* to ſo high and *Intenſe* a degree, that it cannot *admit* the *leaſt* proportion of the *Holy Doves* more neceſſary *Innocence*. Such a foraminous piece of *Net-worke* has *Chriſtian Prudence* been

been made of late, that these *Glib ſerpentine Politicians* can ſoe *wind* themſelves *in* and *out* at pleaſure, as if they meant neither *God* nor *Man* ſhould ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentleman's prudence* to *E*ndeavour to *Out-wit* an *All-wiſe* God, and to go about to put *Fallacies* upon him out of his owne *word*, often makeing even God's moſt *righteous precepts* the *Topicks* of his *diſobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of *one* law, by a *pretended obedience* to *another*, and by ſetting God's *Commands* at variance *one* with *another*, thinks to *ſteal* away his beloved *ſin*, and not be taken *notice* of? He dares not *take up his Croſſe and follow Chriſt*, leſt he ſhould become *Felo de ſe*, acceſſary to his owne death; Nor knows he how to *forſake Father and Mother for Chriſt's ſake*, without a breach of the *Fifth Commandment*, which binding him to *Honour both*, he cannot ſee how he may in any ſence *forſake either*. He dares not *part* with *houſes* and *lands*, for fear he might ſeem to *Diſpiſe* God's good *Bleſſings*; nor *hazard* his *eſtate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* and his *Loyalty*, leſt he ſhould

ſhould be ſaid to have thereby *thrown away* the *opportunities* of expreſſing his *bounty* and his *Charity*; He knows how much he is obliged not to *deny Chriſt before men*, and to *give an account* of his *faith* to ſuch as *demand* it of him; but then he produces a *text* which tells him of *daies wherein the Prudent ſhall keep ſilence*, and theſe *daies* he ſuppoſes ſtill *preſent*, whenſoever his *perſon* or *eſtate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart* or an *Ingenuous tongue*. He will be ready to ſuffer *Perſecution* for the *Goſpell* of Chriſt, and, with *St Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*; but this muſt onely bee when his *Prudence* is at a *loſſe* and he can find out no way *juſt* or *unjuſt* to avoyd all this. As long as there are *ſhifts* enow left him, ſuch as *diſſembling* language, *Covert* Engagements, *Cunning* flatteries, *treacherous* Compoſitions, *petty* Contributions, *Underhand* Compliances, in things both *Civill* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honeſt Evaſions*, to ſecure both *Life* and *livelyhood*. Thus he is Content to ſet him down in *quietneſſe*, whileſt the *Enemies* of God's *Church* advance in *troops* and *Armies* againſt her; and thinks it enough, when he can ſay he *wiſhes* all well, and *praies for the Peace of Jeruſalem*.

It

It were no *Prudence openly* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any ſide; alas, he is but *one ſingle* man, and *one's* as good as *none* againſt the ſtream of the *multitude*, not Conſidering that where *one* does not *joyne* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* Champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, ſuch as have no *eſtates* to look after, No *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind* there would not be ſo much as *one*; and beſides who has greater reaſon to *labour* then he that has already received ſo great a ſhare of his *wages*. What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his goods to the *Enemies* of God? It is but the way to *ſecure* the *reſt* for *better* purpoſes. What though he be conſtrain'd with faire *ſpeeches* to *flatter* up the *tranſgreſſors* in their Iniquities? His *heart* for all this ſhall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as *Good* a *Chriſtian* and as *Loyall* a *Subject within* as the beſt. Alas, 'tis no great matter to *Comply* a little in outward things, to lay an *hand* upon a *Bible*, to *invoke* the *ſacred Name* of God, and *ſeemingly* to Renounce *Religion* and *Loyalty*; God knows, he *intends* no ſuch matter, but onely takes this

this Course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himselfe *safe* and *whole* to doe *God* and his *Church* more service heareafter.

It is all one with him to goe to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting *either* be thought to *favour* the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemy* to the *God* that *rules*, the *man* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deal of *paine*, rise *early*, and go *farre*, to encourage a *seditious* Lecture, and when Sermon's done with an *Hypocriticall* face *smile* upon the preacher, and *inviteing* him home with him witnes his *thankes* and *approbation* in a *Good dinner*; But he holds it *imprudence* to frequent that *true worship* and *service* of God, which the *excellency* thereof and the *Command* of his superiours commends to his *Conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *Good men* believe his soul *abhorres*. He dares Countenance *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *Purse*; but æsteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to Contribute so much as a *Good look* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *vertuous*, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected by the *proſperous* ſinner, an Enemy to *Treaſon*, and *Wickedneſſe*.

Till we can find a way how to *caſt out* this *Prudent Devill*, which (as the *Prophet* tells us) is *wiſe to doe evill but to doe Good has no underſtanding*; we ſhall ever heare this *poſſeſſ'd Gentleman* crying out with the *Dæmoniack* in the *Goſpell*, *what have we to doe with thee Jeſus thou ſon of God? Why art thou Come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect *Gout* is this *prudent Cowardiſe*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever *cries out* at the very *ſight* of any thing looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too *neer* him, and *touch* him upon the *ſore place*. So ſad a thing is it to ſtand in *feare* of *health*, leſt it ſhould make us *ſick*; to *tremble* at the *ſight* of what would bring us to *Heaven*, leſt we ſhould *loſe* our *Earth*; and to take ſo much anxious *care* to præſerve the *Body* whole, for fear a *Courteous wound* ſhould ſet open the dore, and give the *ſoul* leave to *fly out* into *Heaven* and be at *reſt*.

If ſuch men be truely *prudent*, then are all true *Chriſtians* undoutedly *fools*: Or if this *over-waryneſſe* be no more but a *prudent* and *Religious Caution*, then are *moſt* of our *Engliſh*

liſh Gentlemen (which I have not yet *Charity* enough to beleeve) *Prudent Chriſtians.* But (alas) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt *two*, ever to come ſo *high* as *Heaven*; and a *Cold Indifferency* comes ſo farre ſhort of that neceſſary *zeal* which is the unfailing *Conſequent* of true *Piety*; that it is *impoſſible* it ſhould ever be Crown'd with æternall *Happineſſe*. He that is not deeply *in love* with his *God*, cannot place his abſolute *felicity* in the *fruition* of God; and he that is *afraid* to *do any* thing, or think's it *prudence* to *ſuffer nothing* for him, is not *in Love* with him. God has long agoe told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another *temper* he muſt be who will *live for ever*, inſtructing him what an *immediate Contrariety* there is betwixt being *for God* and *againſt him*, ſoe that there can be no *mean* left for ſuch a *prudent Indifferency*: betwixt *fighting Under Chriſt's Banner*, and being the *Devill's Souldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferency* is a *Commendation*; but the *Gentleman* needs feare as little that he can be *over zealous* in a *Good matter* here upon Earth, as that he may be *over happy* in Heaven. As there be no *Angels* but ſuch as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, ſo every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint indeed*, or elſe *ſtark naught*. He that *ſitts ſtill* ſhall come as *ſoone* to *Hell* as he that *ſweats* in *purſuite* of it. But whoſoever hopes to Come to *Heaven*, he muſt *ever run* and with his face *that way* if he will be ſure to *obtaine*. I would wiſh that *Gentleman* who has not the *heart* to *Confeſſe Chriſt before men*, to Conſider, how he can have the *Courage* to hear *Chriſt denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to Endure thoſe *torments* in *Hell* which he ſhall be ſure to undergo for *not Confeſſing* him here upon Earth. Such a *Lukewarme* ſoul is ſo *Nauſeous* unto God, that he muſt at laſt *Spue him out* into the Bottomeleſſe pit.

If this be *Chriſtian* Prudence, to ſecure an *Eſtate* or preſerve a *Family*, or ſave a *life*, by being *frigid*, and ſo *Spiritleſſe* in our *Profeſſion*, as may make us *nauſeated* by God, and ſet us at ſuch a diſtance from Heaven; a *true* *Chriſtian* ſhall have as little reaſon to *Envy* the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poore *Church* of *England* has cauſe to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

§. 5. The

§. 5 *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honeſt-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poore *Church* of *England* is not much more indebted for his kindneſſe then to either of the former: this is *he* that is ſo farre from being *Cordially* ſenſible of the *Afflictions of Joſeph*, or the *deſſolations of Jeruſalem*, that he ſeems to have hardly ſo much of an *humane ſpirit* in him as to underſtand the *meaning* of thoſe two *words*, *Happineſs* and *Miſery*. *Three parts* of his time at leaſt, he ſpends in *ſleep*, as if he were reſolved to *die* all his *life* long; or by this courſe to keep himſelfe *Ignorant* of the *Concerning* affaires of the world, being loath to come *acquainted* with the truth of thoſe evills which he is reſolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meales* & his *ſports*, and *this* he calls, liveing a *Good*, *honeſt*, *quiet*, and *harmleſſe* life, ſuch as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he ſeems even to *Envy* the very *ſtones* that Conſtant reſt which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophy*, which tells us the *cælestiall bodyes* are in a *perpetuall motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *æternall Saboth of rest* for all those that goe thither, he is *almost perswaded to become a Christian*, yet is he in a great *straight betwixt two*, for though he *love* his *rest* too *well*, yet he *hates* the very *name* of *Saboth* much *more*, especially when he hears *St John* telling him, that, the *Angells* and *Glorified Saints never cease Day nor Night from praising God*

Sometimes again he seems to grudg the poore *bruit Animals* their *Irrationalitie*, and to *share* with them, endeavours by a *Sordid sensuality* to degrade himselfe into a *Beast*, or at least, to become as *like* one as *humanity* will permit him. That he may be better *acquainted* with their *Natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawke*, henceforward become his Principall *Companions*; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

(if

(if you ſeriouſly conſider all his *termes of Art*, you will be ready to ſay) he has his *ſet formes* of *Complement:* and indeed his whole *ſtudy* is to learne readily to ſpeak that *language* wherein he may be *underſtood* by the ſilly *animals*. When the *weather* or his *health* or the like will not befriend him in theſe exerciſes *abroad*; then he ſits at *home*, *numbring* his *minutes* by the *turnes* of his *die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets ſo much liberty abroad, as to meaſure out his *houres* by the motions of his *bowle*. Such a mercileſſe *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he feares he ſhall never looſe or deſtroy faſt enough) his *precious time*; that he allwaies ſtudies to invent variety of *Executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burnes* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horſe's hoofes*; again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *teares* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*; there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, 'till he have certainly found out a way to prevent it's *naturall*, *Honeſt* and *Commendable departure*.

Theſe Courſes he willingly allowes himſelfe in, and deſires to have *all* thought noe

more or *worſe* then his *Contempt* of the *world*, and his *ſtudy* of *retiredneſſe* from thoſe *Diſtracting Cumbrances* thereof, which are unworthy of a *Chriſtian*, or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to conſume a great part of his time in unneceſſary *viſits*, but ſtudies withall to make them ſo *unprofitable*, as if he were deſirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to *look* upon one another: his *diſcourſe* (what there is of it) being ſo *idle* and *impertinent*, that it ſerves to no other end, then to *exerciſe* his *tongue* and keep it by much *motion voluble*; leſt for want of *uſe* he ſhould in a ſhort time (as he does by moſt good things) forget to *ſpeak*. Sometimes you ſhall have a *Complement* from him, but puff'd up with ſo many *hyperbolicall* expreſſions of *your worth*, and of the *incredible* reſpects he has for *your perſon*, that you cannot chuſe but ſuſpect he only *labours* how to be *diſbelieved*; or has learn'd of his *Dogges* how to *fawn* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a ſhift to *loſe* an *houre* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *Impertinent* talke, he returnes home again to *eat* and *play*, and *ſleep*, and ſpend the remainder of his time as *Idly* as he can.

In

In a word this ſort of *Gentlemen* borders ſo cloſely upon him we firſt deſcribed, the *Gallant*, that I ſhall not need to ſay more of him, then only this, that he has ſome *degrees* leſſe of *Madneſſe* then the other; he ſeems as yet but to *hang* about the *dores*, and has not gain'd an *admiſſion* into the *Society* of *Raunters*: Nor is this becauſe he wants a *Genius* or *Inclination* to evill in the Generall, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded ſo much to *this*, is forced to abſtain from it's *Contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Cheſt* with a *Golden chaine*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging into* ſo many *coſtly* riots; or elſe a *leaden dulneſſe* ſo much oppreſſes his ſoule, that ſhe cannot *Soare* ſo *high* in the vaſt *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one* vice, he is to thank the *Contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it; or at beſt, he owes it to an *Infirmitie* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the moſt part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philoſophers* uſe to ſay of their *firſt matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all thoſe *Noble* qualifications (as they are uſually

ſually miſcall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he, at leſt, in a *remote Diſpoſition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is ſaid to be alwaies of the ſame colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-glaſſe* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *ſuperficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* Body; of the *Religion*, and the *Humour*, and the *faſhion* of his *Companions*, as neer as his own *weakneſſe* will permit him to *Imitate* them. And this is it which Commonly purchaſes him the repute of a *Civill*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *Good-natured* and *ſweet-diſpoſition'd* perſon: Only becauſe he knowes as little how to be *angry* with a *vice*, as how to be *guilty* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *ſoft* and *Compliant* ſoul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *ſmile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *ſpeak* with every one in his *own* language; He *Complements*, and *Praiſes*, and *Flatters*, and performes *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *ſhadow* in the *Glaſſe*, only by *reflection*. *For* a *fair word* he will part with his own *ſoul*, and *with* a *fair word* he does often occaſion the *ruine* of many more: whileſt he loves as much to flatter *others* up

in

in *their* wickedneſſe, as to be flattered up *by others* in his *own*. *Say* and *doe* what you will (ſo you injure not his *perſon* or *eſtate*, nor rob him of his beloved *eaſe*) you are ſure to have his *approbation*, and if for this *he* may have *yours*, he thinks it a *reward* and *encouragement* great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *roome* in this paper, and truely deſerves his *place* as much as any: If he will not be *angry*, and in a rage *ſwear* to burne the paper, when he finds himſelfe ſet in the *laſt* and *loweſt* place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majeſtick he*, whom I dare hardly *name* leſt he ſhould take it as an *affront*, for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongſt all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *Diſparagement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to heare his *name* from *any* mouth but his *own*. But moſt of all he eſteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by perſons ſo *inconſiderable*, as all thoſe of *our Colour*, unto ſuch as

himſelfe

himſelfe have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himſelfe as much *too good* to be a *Chriſtian*, as he thinks all *Chriſtians too mean* to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely *God* is his *Honour*, and to give it ſomething of a *Deity*, he Phancies it to be *ſingular*, and that there is *none other beſides it*; when (alas) this *Idoll* too is juſt *nothing*. But ſuch is the ſtrange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can firſt *create* to himſelfe a *God* out of *nothing*, and then fall down and *Worſhip* the Idolized *Vanity* which his own Ridiculous *Phancy* has thus *ſet up*. That he does indeed more eſteem this *Shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirmes in all his *Oaths*; for when he intends what he ſaith ſhall *unqueſtionably* paſſe for *ſerious* and *creditable*, he ſwears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: *Other* Oaths he hath enow, by the *Glorious Majeſty* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too litterally the *Burthen* of his *diſcourſe*; theſe (as we ſaid of the *Gallant*) he uſes not for *Confirmation* of the *truth*, but as the *ſportive recreations* of his *tongue*, and the *graces* and *Ornaments* of Good *Language*.

He it is, that (whereſoever he be) will ſee that

that *all* men doe their *duties*, but *himſelfe*. And he doth *ſomething* well herein, except, when by a *proud miſtake* he calls an *unmerited reſpect* to his own *Suppoſititious vertues*, their *indiſpenſible Duty*. He looks that *all men* ſhould obſerve as great a *diſtance* from his *perſon*, as *he* is reſolved to doe from their *vertues*; or as if *allready* he were (where I wiſh by the much deſpiſed grace of *Humility* he may *at laſt* be found) in *heaven*. He expects no leſſe *obſervance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then as if he were not only *Lord* but *Creator* of the *Mannor*: as though he would be thought as much *Maſter* of the *Univerſe*, as he is the *ſlave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walks* up and down ſo *wantonly* and *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *Demonſtrate* to the world his great *perfections* and *Excellency*, that he muſt take much *pains* to do *amiſſe*. This *Lordly Sir*, ſo long as he can but get a *Cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiours*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *betters*; he thinks that all the *bleſſings* of Heaven (though a *Crown* of *Glory* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reaſon, he would never make it his buſineſſe to come

thither,

thither, becauſe he may juſtly *deſpaire* of ever being the *beſt* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *Honorary reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claime of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *Content* to weare the *Crown*; but as a *Gift* he *ſcornes* it, leſt he ſhould *draw* upon himſelfe an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wage* he ſcornes no leſſe to acknowledg it, for as he has not by anylabour *Earn'd* it, ſo is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *ſervant*.

In ſhort this *Gentleman* Phancies himſelfe endow'd with ſuch a *transfigurative* excellency, that (as the Philoſophers ſtone, once *found*, ſhould turne all things it touch'd into Gold) he ſuppoſes it able to turne all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformity* the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humour* looks upon as no leſſe then the moſt *abſolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himſelfe ſo *Immoveably* fixed and ſetled upon the higheſt *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *Baſeneſſe* it ſelfe ſhall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himſelfe placed at ſo great

a

a *height*, it is no great wonder if he become ſo *giddy* at length in all his actions; and beholding *others* at ſo great a *diſtance*, I marvell not, that he begins to ſee *men* like *Moles* upon the earth, and to think them all ſo *blind*, that they cannot *diſcerne* his *vanity*. *This* indeed it is that makes him think neither *Church* nor *State* worth his reguarding, he can with *Dry eyes* behold both *veſſels ſplit* at once, and in the mean time *flatter* himſelfe up with the *Divelliſh* hopes of *Enriching* his *Ambition* by the miſerable *wrack*.

This is he, that can think it no *Injuſtice* to *rob* the whole world, and *rifle* the ſtore-houſe of *Nature*, to *adorne* his Body and *humour* his Palate; to weare the *portions* and *livelihoods* of (I know not how many) *Orphans* and *Widdowes* in a *Bandſtring*, and carry the *lives* and *Fortunes* of many languiſhing *Souls* upon his *Little-finger*. I wiſh that whileſt he caſts ſo ſcorneſull an eye upon theſe poore *naked Beggars*, he would but ſeriouſly conſider how many of their *Contemptible rags* he hath *pick'd* up together, to *patch* up all that *bravery* upon his *own* back; whilſt either his *oppreſſion* occaſion'd, or his *uncha-*

charitableneſſe prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almoſt the whole *creation Club* to maintane his *Ambition*, and returnes a *deriſion* in requitall.

This Gentleman's chiefe *paſtime* and *ſport* whereby he makes himſelfe *merry*, is to *laugh* at *two* ſorts of men, The *Godly* and the *Poor*, the *one* as a *Præciſian*, and he that has *unmann'd* himſelfe by too much *Religion*; the *other* as the *out-caſt* of *Fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing elſe, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *Ignorance* to make him *merry*. The *Black-coate* or *Parſon* (for by theſe *names* he thinks he does ſufficiently *pay* the *Divine* and *Scholler*) he ever looks upon with as much *Superciliouſneſſe* and *diſdain*, as if the very *Colour* of his *Coat* were odious and an *Eye-ſore* to him, or as if becauſe *ſhame* and *feare* keep him from *Immediate* and *Direct Blaſphemy*, He were reſolved to expreſſe his *ſplene* againſt God *himſelfe*, by deſpighting his *ſervants*. He is ſeldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *ſleep*, or is diſpoſed to be *merry*, and then he comes to *Church* and *there worſhips God* juſt as he *honours* his *Miniſters out* of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinary Civility*, which and much *more* he expects from his own *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *knee*: Or if his *Breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *Piety* has *Reverence*, then shall all his *Religion* be pent up into this *one* poor *Ceremony*, and so he makes his *Worship* all one with his *Complement*.

This is he, whose intollerable *Pride* makes every thing, that is not the very *baseſt* kind of *Flattery*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Diſreſpect* unto his *Perſon*. For this immediatly he studies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a neceſſary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What an excellent *Chimiſtry* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit* of *Honour* out of the very *Dunghill* of *Unworthyneſſe*; and find so admirable a *ſweetneſſe*, in that which cannot be thought better then the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envy*, I mean, *Revenge*! Let but the leaſt *Circumſtance* of that *Reſpect*, he ſuppoſes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the moſt part so *vauntingly* worded as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* ſhould doe more *execution* then his *ſword*

By this meanes he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may wound his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *heart* to *faile* him before the *Encounter*; for *this* indeed is often the *onely* way his *late repented temerity* uses to leave him, for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *levell* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will asswage his *Fury*, in the *Field* therefore he often sends his *Body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soule* to *Hell* at a *Blow*. This is his *Gallantry*, and this the necessary *vindication* of that *Honour*, which is so *tender*, that every thing except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliance* with his owne unconstant *Humour*, *rends*, *spots*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash clean*, or make *whole* again: but the *Heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as *such*, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labyrinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long agoe with no small complacency *lost* himselfe, and *all* things which looke like

like *vertue*. I wiſh all men, whom he ſtudies to *provoke* into an *madneſſe equall* with his *owne*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which *I* have now; then ſhould they *anſwer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, That God would give him more *courage*, then to ſuffer himſelfe to be thus baſely *Affronted* and *domineer'd* over by ſo *dangerouſly* inſulting a *Paſſion*, without the leaſt *Eſſay* towards the *juſt vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are *Valuable*.

§. 7. *The concluſion of this part.*

I ſhould as much *tyre* you (*Sir*) as my ſelfe, ſhould I *run* (though with never ſo much *haſte*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's vanity* and *madneſſe*; which are ſo *inſeparably*, for the moſt part, *interwoven* one within another, that I feare I may already ſeeme too *abſurd*, by *dividing* them into ſo many *Sects* or *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* ſeemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* ſo much *boaſts* of; that which conveyes it ſelfe through all the *Gentlemans veines*, and is diſperſed into all the ſeverall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the *capacity* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soule* which *informes* and *actuates* the whole *body* of *Gallantry*; and which is *Communicated* to the particular *members* thereof, not by an *extention*, or *Distribution* of *parts* and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philosopher's* Phrase) it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholy* in every *part* of the *whole*. If the great *variety* and *diversity* of *operations* will yet needs plead for a further *Distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various actings* of the *same* soule, This *Diversity* ariseth not from a *Multiplicity* of *Soules* or *Principals*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that *one* soule, and the various *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Materiall Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly instrument* of *Sin*, and would appeare such a *breathlesse* thing *without* it, that a man might well question whether or no he would be found an *animated being*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motion* then what *vice* gives him, excepting *that* which he expresses when he is *asleepe*, which

(letting

(ſetting aſide his *exceſs* therein) is almoſt the *only* thing wherein hee lookes *like* a man.

To give you therefore the *Concluſion* of this whole *character*; call him *any thing* but what hee *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miſcall* him; for indeed he is almoſt *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to bee. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to *eat* the *beſt*, and *drinke* the *beſt*, and *doe* the *worſt*: one that ſeemes to have been ſent into the world, to help *away* with the *ſuperfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all thoſe *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *Sinne*. He knowes no *ſhame* but that which ariſes from *ſingularity*, nor any *ſingularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our preſent Engliſh Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there a more unde-

nyable *Demonſtration* of this truth, then in the præſent *Gentleman* of *England*; to the no leſſe *diſhonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *Diſparagement* of his own *name* in particular. Whileſt there is nothing *more* his *talke* and his *boaſting*, then his *blood* and his *Breeding*, and yet nothing *leſſe* his *Care* then to *Dignifie* the one, or make a *right uſe* of the other. How *few* of thoſe *Gentlemen* have we now to *ſhow*, who dare make it their *buſineſſe*, and their *Glory* to be *ſerviceable* to their *God*, their *Country*, or the *Church*; or that have *breaſts* full of that *Heroick* Courage and *magnanimity*, that may *embolden* them to *renounce* a ſin that is *profitable* or in *Faſhion*? How *rarely* are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall *ſenſe* of *any* thing, but their *Meat*, their *Drink*, their *Apparell*, and their *Game*! Except you will Inſtance in ſome of their moſt notorious *vices*, wherein indeed they do too truly *emulate*, and labour to *outvie* each other.

Heretofore when this ſhatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdome*, and enjoy'd thoſe (*then* ſlighted, but *now* much deſired) bleſſings of *peace* and *plenty*; how by a *ſtupid* abuſe of thoſe great mercies did the

Gentleman

Gentleman even *Dare* Allmighty God to puniſh *him* or his *Nation!* And now that a *ſad* and *long* experience of their *Contraries*, has made him *feel*, though he will not yet be truly *ſenſible* of, the lamentable Conſequents and effects of his former Bold Wickedneſſes; how does he inſteed of *Confeſſions*, *petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonſtrances* againſt his *God*, and wages an open *warre* with *Heaven*, endeavouring to *force* the *Almighty* unto a *Compoſition* and that upon the moſt *unacceptable* termes in the world? It is too manifeſt (alas) to any eye, how little *Holineſſe* has been the *Product* of thoſe *Judgments* which have doubtleſſe, among *other* ſins, been the eſpeciall puniſhments of the Gentleman's *Luxury* and *prophaneneſſe*. Wee here him indeed very frequently crying out upon theſe *ſad times*, but too ſeldome reflecting upon thoſe much *worſe men* who occaſion'd them. Like a Churliſh *Dog*, *Snarling* at him that *beats* him, but never conſidering whoſe the *fault* was that *cauſed* the beating. I know not I confeſſe what ſhould make the *Gentleman* ſo *Atheiſticall* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has *been*, or now *is*; Except

God's *mercy* on the one hand perſwaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgments* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*; except he dares think the *Benefits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *juſt* God could poſſibly conferre upon ſo *unworthy* a *ſinner*; or the preſent *Judgments* he now ſmarts under, *rather* the *Croſſeneſſe* of an unkind *fortune*, then the *tokens* of the Incenſed *wrath* of an *Angry God*. Whence elſe ſhould he be either ſo *ſtupid* or *unnaturall*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*?

§. 9. *The Winner and the Looſer in theſe times.*

I find *two* ſorts of ſuch *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner* the other is the *Loſer* in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *ſported* our ſelves in our own *Miſeries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of theſe thinks himſelfe much *too happy* already, to become now *Holy*. The Fortunate *ſucceſſe* which he hath had in his *ſins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practi-

ſed

ſed them no *ſooner*; and the *taking* way of *Religious pretences*, makes him *ſorry* for nothing but that he was no *Earlier* an *Hypocrite*: It is a very ſad thing to Conſider what foul *tricks* this *Politick* Jugler every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of theſe *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poyſons* he has ſent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*. This *Gentleman's* onely *Religion* is his *Art* of *Diſſimulation*; the faire *gilt* which makes his *Copper Coyn* to paſſe ſo *Currently*. O what a *Chargable* commodity has this *Legerdemain* been to our little world! Whileſt they who *have* it, purchaſed it at no *lower* rate, then that of all *ſincerity* and *honeſty*; and they that will live *ſafe* by them, muſt become as very *knaves* as *themſelves*. That *Garment* of *Religion* which is now worne and in *Faſhion* with theſe men, is of a very *ſlight* ſtuffe, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *piecing* is ſo very full of *diverſly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to ſay which is *that*, which belong'd at *firſt* to the *whole*: And whence is all this, but from the *Gentleman's* ſcorning the good and ſtrong *lineing* of *Morality* (ſo much now adaies decried by the moſt)

which

which would have held all much Longer *together*: he is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you'll believe himselfe) and the *Morall-man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and Glorious *Churches* has this man's *furious zeale* reduced to *ashes*? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appeares not yet. How many *Palaces* and *Temples* has his *Piety* defaced? How many rich *treasuries* has his *self-denyall* plunder'd? And whence all this, but because *Robbery* and *Sacriledge* are much more *profitable* appendages of *his Religion*, then the more *costly formalities*, and *expensive superstitions* of the *other*? To how many *Sons* of *Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian liberty*, by this Gentleman, beene made the *Mother*! And yet for all this is our *Freedome* but still an *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancy*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New-coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneness* and *Ribaldry* into *Dissimulation* and *Canting*? O what an enriching Commodity is *Hypocricy*, which has set up so many *Broken tradesmen* in the world *Compleat Gentlemen*? And *extracted* our most

refined

refined Nobility out of the very *drosse* of the *People*? Indeed if to be *rich*, be to be a *Gentleman*; if to be *Crafty* be to be *Prudent*; if to *dissemble* be the highway to be *Sainted*; and to be *Fortunate* the sole *Fœlicity*, which terminates the *hopes*, and must crowne the *endeavours* of a Christian: If the *feares* and *cowardice* of *fools* and *sinners*, and the *scorne* and *pitty* of the *wise* and *good*, will make a man truly *Honourable*, who hath no *foundation* of his owne wherupon to *build* a *Reputation*; then is this *prosperous* and *thriving* Gentleman, and none but such as he, the *true* Gentleman of our Nation.

But the Gentleman on the *losing side* will, I know, think it too much (and well he may) that another should grow so *honourable* at his *cost* and *charges*, and give him so few *thanks* for his *honour* when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how hee shall *yield* him so much *Honour now*, then he was to part with his *estate* to him a *while* agoe. But then, alas, what does this *Gentleman*, who (with no small passion) calls himselfe a *loser*, towards the *regaining* of what hee has *lost*? truly just the *same*, which at first *occasion'd* the *losse* it selfe: as if not being *Evill*, but

but *Evill* to a *leſse degree* had beene the *onely cauſe* of all his ſufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *more* a *ſinner* then *before*: He ſo behaves himſelfe under the *correcting* hand of God, as if he thought, the mercifull God did onely *chaſtiſe* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complaine* of his unkindneſſe, not at all to make them *ſenſible* of their *errours*, or *forſake* their *wickednesſe*. Certainly ſuch a *reſentment* of God's dealings with us is a *ſtubbornneſſe*, not a *pœnitence*; and ſuch a *prapoſterous* improvement of God's *deſerved* judgements, is the way to *provoke* him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perſwade* him to withdraw the *leſſe* and *lighter*. O that the *ſuffering* Gentleman would but ſeriouſly think of this! who growes daily (as 'tis viſible in all his actions) *worſe* by *Correction*; and only *ſwears* at, and *Curſes* his *Oppreſſors*, inſteed of *faſting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *Offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledg* of *Looſers* to *talk* what they *liſt*, though never ſo *prophanely*: and looks upon this *time* of his *ſorrowes* as the chiefe *opportunity* of ſerving *himſelfe*, and *eaſing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriment*: and therefore

fore he makes haſt to *drink* and *play* away his *Cares* and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *Enemy*, then out of *love* to his own *vices*. He often abhorres and abſtains from the vices of *other men*, not (as good *Chriſtians* doe) for the *ſin's* ſake but for the *ſinner's*, from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelfe at ſuch a *diſtance*, that he never reſts 'till he be gotten into the *Contrary* extreme, and often into the more *Scandalous* though not alwaies the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *oppoſite* but of it's *own name*, nor any means were left him to become *one* way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being *another* way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite?* He, leſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *Openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſweare* or *kiſſe* the *booke* when call'd to it by a *lawfull* Authority; the other to be *Cr[illegible]ſſe* will *ſweare* a thouſand *Idle Oaths* againſt God's expreſſe *Command*. Thus betwixt them doe they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſme*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has plaid his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Loser* nor *Winner* in this *Sad Game*. One, who (I am sure) has done as little *Good*, as he *thinks* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other 'till the *sport* (as he calls it whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but *sleep* in an *whole* skin, and with a *full* purse, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *Quiet Soul*, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safety* better then his *God*. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman* you will be sure to find him.

§. 9. *How Good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore *Church* or *Kingdome* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentry*, I think I have abundantly told you. Her *richest Sons* doe not alwaies

alwaies prove the moſt *affectionate* and *Naturall* to their *Diſconſolate Mother*. But indeed daily aggravate her *griefe* and *Sorrow*, by their *prodigall* courſes and moſt *Barbarous* behaviour. What do they leſſe then with the ungrateſull *Mule*, hourly *kick* at the *paps* which gave them *Suck?* And with the bloody *Tyrant* whoſe *Character* it was, to be *a lump of dirt kneeded up together in blood*, they have *torne* out the very *Bowels* of a moſt *Compaſſionate* and Indulgent *Mother*. Our *Church* may very well complain of ſome who would be thought her own *Sons*, as *God* of his ungrateſull people of old, *She has brought up Children and they have rebelled againſt her, and among all the ſons ſhe has nurſed up, there is none to pitty her or lead her by the hand.* When they were *full* and waxen *fat*, then they *forgat* God; and now that ſome of them are *leane* enough, nay as the *fat kine* in *Pharaohs viſion*, even *eaten up* of the very *leaneſt Cattell* in the Nation; yet being ſo many waies *ſmitten they do but revolt more and more*. It will be a *mercy* rather then a *Judgment*, if God *vouchſafe* to *ſmite* them once *again*.

Thus, whileſt one is *Ignorant* and *can* doe nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and *dare* do nothing: whileſt one is ſo *Prudent* he thinks it not *wiſedome*, another ſo *Covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third ſo *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to doe any thing but what may foment his own ſinfull inclinations: Whileſt one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*; whileſt one has a *Wife*, another a *Farme*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbeſeem* their *Dignity*, or *Croſſe* their *Intereſt*, or *hinder* their *Calling*, or *Injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *Humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the reſt) to follow *Chriſt* or take care of his *Spouſe*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better in whoſe *armes alone* they can hope to be *ſafe* from the *roaring Lion*; and to abandon thoſe *Dalilaes* which ſo long as they *Court*, they can neither love *Her*, nor ſecure *themſelves*! In a word, I ſhall put up for them a *ſhort* prayer but a *full* one, if they *would* but underſtand it—*God make them all ſuch as Gentlemen ſhould be!* And what that is, I ſhall now endeavour, to the beſt of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age

Age and *breeding*, I must necessarily come as farre *short* of him I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy* never to have *known*. The *Gentleman's* vertues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below his* Imitation.

SECT. III.

The True Gentleman.

§. 1. *An Apologeticall Introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentleman's* character, you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truely like the *Subject*, *High* and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touch'd* by so *Common* a Pen; every *slip* whereof can be deem'd no lesse then a *Prophanation* of his worth, who is the *liveliest* Image which God has left us of himselfe upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Encomium's* may be thought *Folly* and *Præsumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledg*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe* as what we *may*: I think it much

much better becomes me to ſay that *little* I *can*, then juſt *nothing*; and to tell you, if *not* what the *Gentleman is*, yet at leaſt *ſo much* of his *greatneſſe*, as falls to *my ſhare* to *underſtand*. I had much rather be *cenſured* for committing ſuch a *pious errour*, then be *Condemned* for the wilfull omiſſion of ſo *neceſſary* a *duty*. I dare not ſuſpect the *Gentleman's Goodneſſe* to be of a leſſe *extent* then *My Ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as *often* as I through *weakneſſe* ſhall *offend*. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightneſſe* of my ſubject which *dazled* my *eyes*, and occaſion'd me to *ſtumble*. Where my expreſſions fall *low* and *flat*, I do beg of him, that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I beare unto *his virtues*, which Commands my *Pen* to to keep it's *Diſtance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apology*, for I would gladly *keep off* as long as I can, when I cannot *draugh nigh* without a *neceſſity* of *Erring*. Even in this ſhort *Præamble* you may be pleaſed to read *ſomething* of the *Gentleman's Character*; to wit, ſuch a *Greatneſſe* as Commands a *Diſtance* and *reverence*, and ſuch a *Candor* as can

pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the ſumme of all I have to ſay) ſuch a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman*. Which *name* ſpeaks *all* that bears a *Contrariety* to the *thing* we lately ſpoke of, whoſe very *name* is ſuch a Compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but *one* thing left to *Denominate* the *true* Gentleman; I mean, as abſolute a *Combination* of all *virtues*. All which I can conferre to his *Character* will amount to no more then an *Imperfect paraphraſe* upon his *Name*; and as much as I underſtand of this, take as followes.

§. 2. *His Generall Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *falſe* one is *leſſe*, then what to moſt he *ſeems* to be. One who is allwaies ſo farre from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appeare in the eyes of *others* juſt *nothing*, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *vertuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that moſt *Wiſe King*, he beſt reſembles, has fitted with a Character—*A man of an Excellent Spirit*. This is he whoſe *brave* and *noble* Soule *ſores* ſo high above the

Ordinary

Ordinary reach of *Mankind*, that he ſeems to be a diſtinct *ſpecies* of himſelfe. He *ſcornes* ſo much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly *ſtoop* to a *vertue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he doe, it is by his good *improvement* of it, to *make* it ſo. He is one to whom all *honour* ſeems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *virtue*, and he had much rather *want* a name then not *deſerve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a Perſon truly *Great*, becauſe truly *Good*; His *Honour* is of too *excellent* a Nature to be ſuppoſed the *Creature* of any *thing* beſides his own *vertues*; and thoſe *vertues* too *Eminent* to be eſteemed *leſſe* then the moſt *refined* actions of ſo *great* a ſoule. *He* is no leſſe the *Glory* of *Mankind* then *man* the *Glory* of the whole ſublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deſervedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one *part* of him *Mortall*; However it is his *firſt care* and *endeavour* to make this *mortall* part of him ſuch, as may make it apparent to the world, how Great an *Excellency* may be the Companion of ſo much *frailty*.

'Till he may be ſo happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himſelfe; and by his extraordinary pains, ſo *beutifies* his ſoule with all *Cœleſtiall* accompliſhments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and ſeems to want nothing of thoſe Glorious *Spirits* which dwell *there*, but onely to be *without* a *Body* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himſelfe whileſt in *this* world as no more then a *Probationer* in the *School* of *Honour*; and makes it his buſineſſe ſo to *behave* himſelfe at preſent, that he may be ſure of an *admiſſion* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certaine* and *Durable*, as *true* and *Great*: Well knowing that the onely way to be *Lord* of *Many* things, is to be *faithfull* in theſe *few* wherewith he is now intruſted.

His *Soul* is ſo truely *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *æternity* can *fill* it: So nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his Holy *Ambition*, that it diſdains to *pearch* longer then a *Breathing ſpace*, upon the moſt exalted *ſpire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is ſo *throughly* ſenſible of the *Cœleſtiall* Nature of his Soule, that

that (did he not think it *one* great part of his *Happineſſe*, to *ſuffer* any kind of *Miſery* in *Submiſſion* to his *God*) he could not think his *life* leſſe then one *Continued torment*; and ſo long a *detention* here upon the *Earth*, a meer *reſtraint* and *Confinement* from all *Comfort* and *bliſſe*.

As for the *Bleſſings* of *this* world, he looks upon them, as the *Child* ſhould doe upon his *farthings* or his *Counters*, *ſmall* things *indulged* him for the *recreation* not the *buſineſſe* of his ſoule. Yet (ſuch a *Good Houſewife* is *Vertue*) he reaps no ſmall advantage to himſelfe, from theſe *ſubordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *Conſennages* perſwade him the more to be in *love* with what's both more *precious* and more *uſefull*. Knowing that his *Manſion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can eſteem the *world* no better then the handſome *frontiſpice* to that moſt Glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *Fine* flattering objects, and *pretty Curioſities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more then an *Earneſt* and kind *Invitation* to him to *Enter* in and *poſſeſſe* thoſe unſpeakably excellent *Manſions*, which theſe things ſo dimly *ſhadowed* out unto

his eye; these *well dressed Dainties* which he enjoyes here, he dares but *tast* at most, to *prepare* him an *Appetite*; he intends to *feast* himselfe in *Heaven*.

To give you the *summe* of what I think of him in the *Generall*; He is every way so much *more* then a *man*, that he is no *lesse* in all things then *himselfe*. One whose rarest *Excellencies* are such, as would make us believe his *breeding* had bin amongst the *Angels* in *another* world, rather then amongst *Gentlemen* here in *this*: and that he were onely *lent* us a while, an *universall patterne* for Mankind to *Imitate*; And to let us see how *much* of *Heaven* (if we will receive it) may *dwell* upon *Earth*. He is so *refined* from all *Mixture* of our Courser *Elements*, as if he were absolutely *Spiritualized* before his *time*; If ever he were *proud* of any thing, it was of being the *Conqueror* of *that*, and all other *Vices*. He *scornes* and is *ashamed* of nothing but *Sin*. He lives *in* the world as one that intends to *shame* the world *out of love* with *it selfe*: and he is therefore *Singular* in all his Actions, *not* because he *affects* to be so, *but* because he *cannot* meet with *Company* like *himselfe* to make him

him otherwiſe. In a word, he is ſuch, that (could we *want* him) it were *pitty* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his Continuance *here*, becauſe he is *already* ſo much an *Heaven* to *himſelfe*.

§. 3. *His Chiefe Honour and Dignity.*

His *firſt Honour* in this world, is to be *borne* the moſt *noble* of God's *creatures* here *below*; His *next* is to live one of his moſt *Obedient* and *laborious ſervants*, like thoſe *above*: His *greateſt* to *Die* his *beloved Son*, that ſo he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancy* onely, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper yeares*, that he can *Imitate* their *Vertues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old-Age* to be as good a *father* as his *own*. *Blood* and *Birth* then ſtood him inſtead, when his *tender* years had not yet render'd him *Capable* of *vertue* and *Worth*. When he comes to *Age*, He *Enters* upon his *Honour*, not as upon his *eſtate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Anceſtors*, but by the *claime* of his *merits*; looking upon it not as his *lot* or *Inheritance*, but as his *choiſe* and *purchaſe*. He has an Eſpeciall care

that

that his *Honour* and his *Person* may both *live* and *Grow* up, but never *die together.* He accounts it much *below* a person of his *Quality*, to *owe* all that *Respect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full Coffers; or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *Old-man*, to his *Gray-haires:* But he so *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *Respect* is *offered* him, may be esteemed a *Debt* and not a *Present*; and that his *future Goodnesse* may not be thought the *Product* of the *Old*, but rather an *Obligation* to *New respects:* Such he *Civilly accepts* when *paid* him, but seldome *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*; so farre I mean, as they Concerne his *person*, not his *Office.* For though it be *one Honour* to *deserve*, yet is it *another Contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never goe *abroad* to *seek himselfe*, and therefore he hearkens with more *safety* to his *own Conscience*, then the *people's Acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himselfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he *is* soe.

His highest *Ambition* is to be a *Favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven*; and to this end his *Policy* is to become not a *Great* but a *New* Man:

Man: and to *dreſſe* up himſelfe in all thoſe *Spirituall Ornaments*, which may make his Soule truly *amiable* in the eyes of the *Great King*. He conſiders how that he owes *himſelfe* unto *God*, as he is his *Creature*; and he endeavours to *diſcharge* that *Old* debt, by a moſt earneſt and importunate *ſuite* for *New* favours; ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *ſerve* him, by making him firſt a *New-Creature*. He Could never yet think the *Old-Man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*; and therefore he uſes to walke in his *white-Robe*, and his *Wedding-Garment*, that ſo he may be admitted into the *King's Præſence*. He furniſheth himſelfe betimes with ſuch *Apparell* as this, and he *fits* and *ſettles* it to his ſoule *before-hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worne*, the more *Splendid* it *Growes*, and the *more* it is *uſed*, the *longer* it will *laſt*; the onely way to *wear it out*, is, not to *wear it at all:* but having once *attired* himſelfe in this *Habit*, now *Every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he eſteems his great *Honour indeed*, is *this*, that he can with *Confidence*, and *truly*, call *God* his *father*, His *Saviour* his

his *friend* and his *brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his *fellow servants*. Such *Parents*, such *kinred*, and such *Company* he may safely *boast* of; but this he does no *other* way, then by his *Obedience* and *Gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *King's son* ought to doe, that is, he does nothing *misbecoming* his *birth* and *Dignity*.

§. 4. *His Out-side and Apparell.*

If we may spare so much time from the Contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *Out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenious Embleme* of his *better selfe*: so much Good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so farre as the *Matter* will bear it) with the faire *picture* of a *Noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorne* his *body*, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a *Soul*. He looks upon *it* as a thing onely *so farre* deserving his *care* and *paines*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her *Operations*: and yet he rather could *wish* himselfe (might it so be) *freed* from the *Cumber-*

Cumberſome Company of his *Fleſh*, becauſe it proves often ſo great a *Clog* and *hinderance* to the more *Active* and *vigorous* inclinations of his *better* part. So long as he is *Confined* to his *Tabernacle* of *clay*, he makes the *beſt* that can be made of a *Neceſſary Evill*: ſo *feeding* his *body* that it may have *ſtrength* enough to *ſerve* his *Soule*, and ſo *cloathing* it, that the *other* part may be kept from *freezing*, and *fit* for more *ſprightly* actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of his *Earthly* part, but in *ſubſerviency* to his *Spirituall*; that ſo he may the better, as he is *Commanded, Glorify God both with body and Soul, which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his *Habit*, ſuch a *Gravity* as beſeems a *Chriſtian*; and yet ſuch a *Decency* as becomes a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his *diſtinction* from *other* Men founded in his *vertues* then in his *Cloaths*. Herein he ſhowes that he looks more after what's *ſerviceable* and *uſefull*, then what's *pleaſing* and *Faſhionable*. So much *Curioſity* he has, as not to be *Slovenly*; and ſo *little*, as it cannot ſhow that he is *vaine* or *wanton*. He had rather have his *Apparell Rich* then *Gaudy*,

Gaudy, and yet rather *warme* then *Rich.* It is *neatneſſe* not *bravery*, a *Decent* not a *Gorgeous* attire, which, next unto what's *uſefull*, he aimes at.

In every *ſuite* he buyes he hath as great a regard to the *poore* man's *neceſſities* as to his own *humour*, and makes choiſe of that *Cloath* or *Stuffe* which may pleaſe *God* hereafter upon the *Beggar's* back, more then what he knowes may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Vertue*, then to hope his *fine Cloaths* may gaine him a *reſpect* where *that* could not; nay on the other ſide, he knowes that *Goodneſſe* is enough of it ſelfe; to advance the *Ragge* above the *Robe*, and a *Leatherne Cap* above the *Golden Diademe.*

He Pitties the *unskilfull wantonneſſe* of the world, which allwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* uſe to doe) ſets an higher value upon the *Varniſh* and the *gilded Frame*, then on the lively *features* and excellent *Art* in the rich *Piece* they adorne: and he calls it a *blindneſſe*, at leaſt, a *weak ſight*, which cannot *behold* a *vertue*, but (as we do a *dull picture*) through the *Gliſtering Glaſſe* of *Vanity*. He eſteems

eſteems his *penny* in the *Poor* man's *purſe* a much greater *Ornament*, then a faire *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knowes he how he may with a Good *Conſcience* weare that, which might be made many a poore man's *livelihood* (as too many now love to doe) in a *Band* and a paire of *Cuffes*. He is more pleas'd to ſee his own *Cloaths cover* another's *Nakedneſſe*, then *diſplaying* his *luſts*: and thinks it more honourable to weare the *Charity* then the *Bravery*.

If his *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his deſires, by what he is *forced* to doe, he ſhowes what he *would chuſe* to doe; and moſt lively expreſſes his *ſingular humility*, in his *neceſſitated Gallantry*: ſhowing how he can *Condeſcend* even to *any* thing, ſo it be *Innocent*; though by a *Conformity* contrary to his naturall *Inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to Provide himſelfe ſuch *Apparell*, that his *caſt ſuite* (as we call it) may not be quite *caſt away*: and to this end he chuſes rather to ſwaggar it in *Gold* then *Tinſell*, in *Cloath* then *Stuffe*: that ſo it may be *ſullied* before it be *torne*, and *unfit* for *him* to weare, before it be *worne out*; and *then* moſt becoming the *Poverty* and *mean* Condition

Condition of another, *when* it ſhall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Perſon.*

It is moſt certaine (and the *Gentleman* knowes it as well) that the *Temper* and *Diſpoſition* of the *Soule*, is no way better *Diſcernable*, then through the *Habit* and *Garbe* of the *Body*: He that longs after *New faſhions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from *one* and the *ſame* dangerous *Principle*, an *unconſtancy* of *mind*, and a *Deſire* of *Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knowes it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconſtancy* and *Pride* of *Soule*, there's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloaths*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *reſolved ſoule*; he has one *Conſtant Garbe* and *Attire*; and he will never yield that to be *out of Faſhion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugall*. Alas, the poore *Body* (he knowes) Deſires nothing but what may preſerve it *alive* and in *health*; It is the *laſcivious Soule* which calls for all thoſe other *Superfluities*; and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *luſts*, and

and to be at ſo vaſt an *expence* to *cloath* his *Humour*. He could never, ſince he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himſelfe happy in the *Gliſtering* of a *Lace* or *Ribband*. He leaves theſe *toyes* to thoſe *ſilly Creatures* who are reſolved to Continue for ever in their *Childhood* or *Infancy*, and *dare* be ſo *fooliſh* as to think a *bread band* and a *ſtaunting Cuffe*, as neceſſary as *Heaven*. He can *think* himſelfe a *man* without ſuch a *vanity*; and *know* himſelfe a *Gentleman* without any ſuch *Mark* or *bravery*: alwaies wearing ſuch *Cloaths*, as his *Body* may in *Old-age* have good reaſon to *bleſſe* the *moderation* of his *ſoule*; and the *Needy* may have no leſſe cauſe to *pray* for the *health* of of his *body*.

§. 5. *His Diſcourſe and Language.*

When you heare him *ſpeak*, you will think that he intends no leſſe, then to give you a *taſt* of his *Soul* at every *word*: Nor indeed is it poſſible you ſhould in any thing plainlier Diſcover the *Nobleneſſe* of his *Spirit*, then in his *ſweet breath*, ſo *Divinely* moulded into moſt excellent *diſcourſe*. Every

word *he* ſpeaks, ſpeaks *him*; and gives you a faire *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you reſpect the *Quality* of his *Diſcourſe*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be ſpoken, then what he is *able* to ſpeak. His *Words* are moſt *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His *Phraſe high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombaſtick*; His *Sentenſes cloſe* and *full*, but not *obſcure* or *Confuſed*. His Diſcourſe is neither *Flaſhy* nor *Flat*, neither *Boyiſh* nor *Effæminate*, neither *rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenious*; *Virile*, *ſtrong* and *Maſculine*, *yet ſweet* and *Winning*: He loves a *Smooth* expreſſion, but not a *Soft* one: a *Smart* or *Witty* ſaying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are thoſe which his *Matter* will beſt *beare*, not ſuch as his *Phancy* would readily eſt *ſuggeſt*. No poor halfe ſtarved *Jeſts*, no drie *Inſipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*: hardly a *word* in all, but what hath it's *Emphaſis*, nor any *ſentence* without it's *full weight*.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his Speech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much* but

but *Great*: He ſpeaks not *alwaies*, but when he ſpeaks he ſaies *All*. He as often ſhowes how *well* he can be *ſilent*, as how *well* he can *ſpeak*; and *others* alwaies love more to hear him talke, then *he himſelfe*. He makes no leſſe uſe of his *Eare* in all Companies, then of his *Tongue*; and by his ſerious *harkening* to the more *impertinent* diſcourſes of his Companions, plainly proves he has no leſſe *Patience* then *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beaſt* in moſt men's Mouthes) as much at his *Command*, as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *reſt*, as well as both *move* at his pleaſure.

His ſayings are never *long* or *tædious*, but they alwaies reach *Home*; and he will very ſeldome take any thing leſſe then a *Neceſſity*, for an *Opportunity* of ſpeaking. But then uſually he delivers all with that *facility* and *perſpicuity*, as if his *words* were not the *elect* and *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *Naturall* emanations of his Soul. No *Paſſion* ſhall at any time more Diſturbe the *Order* of his *words*, then it can *Cloud* the *Serenity* of his *forehead*. He cannot make himſelfe *merry*, much leſſe *proud*, with his own

Inventions; nor does he ever *catch* at the *applauſe*, but *aimes* at the *Edification* of his *Auditors*.

If you will look upon the *Matter* and *Subſtance* of his Diſcourſe; you ſhall ſee, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: Not what he ſuppoſes may afford the *faireſt field* for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *Beſt Garden* of ſuch choiſe *fruits* as the *Stomacks* (Not the *Palates* onely) of his *Company* ſhall be beſt able to *beare*: Or ſuch as may prove moſt *Medicinall*, when ſeaſonably applied to the ſeverall *Diſeaſes* of thoſe that *heare* him: Theſe he alwaies ſtudies rather to *heal* then *Diſcover*, and yet rather to *Diſcover* then *Flatter*. Hence he often diſtributes amongſt them the *Bitter* as well as the *Sweet*: and rather that which may *nouriſh*, then what may *pleaſe*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the *Soureſt* Apple (which he knowes to be *wholſome*) ſo *pleaſant* to the *Eye*, that he *forces* ſuch as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a reall *love* of what *naturally* they moſt *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the moſt part

part in *ſuch* Company is left him to prevent the *loſſe* of his *own* time, is to make *others* with whom he Converſes *gainers* by his *Society*: and he does his utmoſt endeavour, that *every* one that heares him, may by what they heare, either *gaine* a *vertue*, or *loſe* a *Vice*.

This is it, which makes him very carefull to avoid, whatſoever might rationally be ſuppoſed *able* to *vitiate* either his *own Diſcourſe* or the *Minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reaſon *he* has to be more *cautious* in this reſpect then *other* men, ſeeing the moſt *Odious* vice from *his Language* would gaine ſo great a *Lovelineſſe* as would probably make it one of the ſtrongeſt *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *ſweet* a *face* to be made the *Mother* or *Midwife* to any thing that has the *Monſtrous* ſhape of *Sinne*: he ſhould fouly *Adulterate* ſo great a *Purity*, who ſhould goe about to *match* it with any thing leſſe then *Piety* and *Virtue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrility* are too *deformed* and *wryfaced* to gain any place in his *Affections*; He that is *able*, when he will, to *create* to himſelfe a *Reputation* not inferiour

to

to the *highest*, *scornes* as much, as he *needs* little to *Rob* any *other* man of *his*. His fingers are too *clean* to be *fouled* by throwing *dirt* in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to *discover* a *Blemish* in *another* man's *eye*, as he is to *suffer* a greater in his *own*; and will rather *charitably* condescend to *lick* out the *Mote* with his *tongue*, then *deridingly* to *talke* of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his *Nayles* in vexing an *Old Sore*, and *scratching* 'till he make a *New one*. He leaves it to *Dogs* and *Ravens* to prey upon *Carrion*. Alas, it is a very *hungry wit*, which is fain to *feed* upon such *Nauseous Diet*. Other Men's *Infirmities*, especially if *Naturall* or *accidentall*, are much more the objects of his *Charity* and *Pitty*, then of his *Merriment* and *Derision*. He judges it a *Cruelty* proper to *weaknesse* alone to *Murther* the *Sick*; no true *Ingenuity* can be so *Barbarous* as to *sport* it selfe in the *Misfortunes* of the *Miserable*. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfish wit* which cannot tell how to *show* it selfe to the world but by *trampling* (and so *advancing* it selfe) upon the *Reputation* of others. It is a *Barren Phancy*, or at least has alwaies a very

Hard

Hard Labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *Misfortune* muſt be the *Midwife*. The *True Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *Honeſty*, and more *Charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be ſo *fooliſhly*, ſo *unworthily*, ſo *Tyrannically* buſied.

Nor doth he leſſe *abhorre* to come neere that filthy *Puddle* of *obſcænity*; 'tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for ſuch naſty food. He never carried the *Goat's tongue* in the *Gentleman's head*, but wiſhes that all who do ſo would for ever uſe it as *Goates* doe, that is, continue allwaies *Mute*. All his diſcourſes are as *Chaſt* as *faire*, and the ſweet *Loves* in recitall whereof he ſo much pleaſeth *himſelfe* and all thoſe *Good* men which heare him, are no other then thoſe betwixt *God* and his own *Soul*.

He is too *juſt* to himſelfe and his own *unuſurped Majeſty*, to ſuffer his talke to *flag* into an *idle* much leſſe a *wanton* ſtrain of *Drollery*: *that's* too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a *Gentleman*, and *this* no leſſe too *foul* and *Beaſtly* even for a *Man*: and he muſt be more then *both* theſe in every expreſſion, a *Chriſtian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *aſtoniſhment* as *pitty* and *Compaſ-*

ſion, hear thoſe *puny* Souls, which can invent no other Method of *Gracing* their Diſcourſe, and make it *takeing*, but by a *Complacent* rehearſall of their own and other men's *uncleannеſſes*; nor can find *matter* for an *Houre's* talke, without being beholding for it to a *Miſtreſſe* or an *whore*; Or at beſt by *dreſſing* up ſome Empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be *merry*, but as *Children* uſe to be, with a *Baby* or a *Rattle*.

His Soul preſently *boyles* up in a pious *Agony* within him, whenſoever he heares a *vaine Oath* or any thing that ſounds like *prophaneneſſe*: He never mentions the dreadfull *name* of *Almighty* God, but with that due *Reverence* both of *Soul* and *Body* which ſuits with it's *greatneſſe*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too neerly *related* unto him, to heare him *Diſhonoured* with *patience*; or to ſuffer his *Name* to be made ſo *vile* and *cheap*, as to be uſed (as too Commonly it is) onely as an *Expletive particle* to prevent a *Chaſme*, or make up a *Gap* in the *ſentence*, or to make all run more *ſmoothly*.

He has the like Holy reſpect for God's *Word* as

as his *Name*. He is too much in *love* with *Scripture* to ſee her *proſtituted* to every *licentious Phancy*, and by an impudent *wreſting* made the ſubject of every *Atheiſticall* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *ſacred* Fountaine: not as ſet open to be *troubled* and made *Muddy* by the *Wanton* Goates, but to *water* and *waſh* the tender *Lambs*. He uſeth it further as a wholeſome *Bath* for his *White* Soule, which will preſerve her both *clean* and *whole*.

I ſhould Injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *Negative* vertues. Onely, this is an *Indulgence* given to our *Ignorance*, that we are allow'd to ſpeak in the *Negative* of all *Great* perfections, and ſay what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we ſhould, expreſſe what indeed they *are*. If you will heare what I have to ſay more of his Diſcourſe in ſhort, then know, that all his *words* are not onely the *pretty pleaſing*, yet *Empty bublings* of a *reſtleſſe Phancy*, a *rageing luſt*, or a *wanton* and *Frollick Humour*; But all of them the *Grave*, *weighty*, and *well proportion'd Breathings* of his *great* and *Holy Soul*.

§. 6. *His*

§. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is *Maſculine* and *Noble*; ſuch as becomes his *Heroick* ſpirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderfull *Humility* and *Courteſy*. His *Body* is only made *ſtraight*, and the more *it ſelfe*, not (as moſt men's are) *New-moulded* by *Art:* He has juſt ſo *much* of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to *laugh* at thoſe that have *too* much. He has made more uſe of the *Vaulter* and *Fencer*, then the *Dancer*; for his deſire was more to be a *Man*, then a *Puppit*, and to be a *ſervant* to his *Country* rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of *this* Nature he ſometimes ſtudies *another's* ſatisfaction more then his *own*, he will ſhow how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *leſſe*, and how *Active* he can be, not how *Apiſh*. He ſo behaves himſelfe, that by what he *does*, you may rather Conclude he *can* do *more* if he *will*, then that he *hath* done *all* he *can* do. In theſe, as in all things elſe of the like *Indifferency*, he manifeſts his *greateſt* power *there where* moſt men have the *leaſt*, in *refuſing*

ſing to doe, what he is ſure would gain him the empty *Applauſe* of the *Multitude*: Though, ſo farre as he can judge the *ſport* or *Recreation Innocent* and *lawfull*, he had rather manifeſt a *ſlighting* and a *diſreguard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagances* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a ſincere *kindneſſe* and *Reſpect*; His *Civility* is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *Friendſhip*, or his *Charity*. A *Court-dreſſe* cannot bring him in love with a *Lie*; nor can he look upon a *Faſhionable Hypocriſy* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *Glorious cheat*; He judges of all *Diſſimulation*, as in it ſelfe it is, for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may ſeem *Princely*, yet in its own *Nature* he knowes 'tis *Devilliſh*, and in the *Iſſue* will prove *Damnable*. He Scornes to be Sathan's *Schollar*, though for ſo *profitable* a leſſon: for it was *He* indeed was the firſt *Maſter* of this *Ceremony*; when he *Complemented* our firſt *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradice* at once; tickling their *Ambition* with this *High ſtraine—Ye ſhall be like Gods.*

It

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiours* are obliged to render unto *him*, may ſeem no more then an *Imitation* of *that* he payes unto his *Superiors*: And that the *Courteſy* and *Civility* of his *equals* may be thought nothing elſe but the *reflection* of *his* towards them. But if anothers kindneſſe chance to get the *ſtart* in ſhowing it ſelſe, he makes it appeare that his *Backwardneſſe* proceeded not from any want of *Good-will* but *Opportunity*; and he endeavours to requite the *earlineſſe* of his *friend's* Courteſy, by the *meaſure* of his *own*.

His *Inferiors* may behold in him how well *Humility* may conſiſt with *Greatneſſe*, and how *great* an *Affability*, *Authority* will admit of: By his *Practice* our *licentious* world might eaſily be convinced, that *Freedome* and *ſubjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are ſo many *Calls* to *vertue* and *Goodneſſe*, and by what he himſelfe *is*, he ſhewes others what they *ought* to be. If *Heaven* were ſuch a thing as ſtood in *need* of an *aſſiſtant* Temptation (which a man would almoſt believe when he ſees how little men love it for it ſelfe)

ſelfe) certainly it would make choiſe of the *Gentleman* as the *loveliеſt baite* to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown ſo *ſtupid* in their ſins, as to fall in *love* with *Hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a *Confidence* in thoſe *vanities*, which are *worſe* then *nothing*, and *beſotted* into a *ſenſuality* below what's *Bruitiſh*; who would not make *haſt* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happineſſe* then the fruition of ſuch a *Companion* as is the *true Gentleman?*

And truly thither with all *ſpeed* he muſt reſolve to go that intends to enjoy him *long*; for he makes too much *haſt* to that *place* of happineſſe, to ſtay *long* by the *way*. Such *Good men* indeed are *ſoon taken away*, and this is ſo little *laid to heart* by us, that we have great reaſon for our own ſakes to fear, that *they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come* upon this ſinfull and *Rebellious* Nation. The world growes ſo thin of ſuch as he, that we may too truly now ſay he is but *one* of a *thouſand*; and then 'tis no leſſe then a *thouſand* to *one* that very ſhortly whoſoever would *find* him, muſt go to *Heaven* to *ſeek* him. And indeed it were an high

high injury to perſwade him to a longer *ſtay* here, except we would aſſure him of our *Company* thither at laſt.

§. 7. *His Inſide.*

It is now time to take a ſhort view of his *Inſide*, and it muſt indeed be a very *ſhort* and *Imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if ſuch *weak* eyes as mine are, ſhould *gaze* too *long* and *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I ſhall onely therefore be ſo *officious* to ſuch (if any ſuch there be) as need my help, as to ſet *open* the *windowes* for them, the *Sun* (I am ſure) will *ſhine* in of it ſelfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in ſoe *thick* and *faſt* upon us, we ſhall hardly know *which* to take notice of *firſt*: An *underſtanding* here we meet withall, ſo *clear* and *unclouded*; a *Will* ſo *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* ſo well *refined*, ſo *orderly*, and *unintereſted*. that 'tis wholy evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education built* the Houſe and ſet all in *Order*; ſo do *Religion* and *Morallity Governe* within, and betwixt them keep all *clean* and *handſome*.

His

His *vertues* ſeem to be ſo much the *Neceſſary* and *Naturall* Emanation of his moſt *Active* and *boundleſſe* ſoul, that he is in danger by beeing *altogether Good* to loſe the *praiſe* and *honour* due to ſo *eminent* a Goodneſſe: If he could *Leave off* to be *vertuous*, the world might then ſeem to have ſome *excuſe* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodneſſe* is too *abſolute*, to grow *out* of *love* with *it ſelfe*, and too *knowing* to lie *obnoxious* unto ſuch a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face in exchange for the *faireſt* of *Vices*. I wiſh the world would *forbeare* to *love* Vice, till he *begin* to *forſake* vertue; and that all our *Gentry* would endeavour to be like *him*, till *he* become like *them*, or *eſteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot *prove* to be really *Good*.

As for his *Intellectuall* Excellencies, ſo farre as he owes them *purely* and *Immediatly* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit ſo much as to touch any further upon them; leſt I ſhould not beare up *even* in that great *variety*, wherein they are diſtributed among the *many* Individuals; God having *proportion'd* them out unto the *ſeverals* in ſo *different* a meaſure, as nothing but his own

Infinite

Infinite wiſedome can give a *particular* reaſon of it. Onely this I may ſafely ſay, that whatſoever his *talent* is, the Gentleman *Digs* not in the *Earth* to *hide* it; but ſo *traffiques* with it, till *Art* and *Induſtry* have Brought in an *Encreaſe* ſome way proportionable to the *Stock* of *Nature:* at leſt to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord; and the Glorious *welcome* of a *Good and faithfull Servant.* He makes uſe of God's *Bounty*, not as a *Warrant* for his *ſloath* or an *Indulgence* to his *Idleneſſe*; but as a *Spurre* and motive to a gratefull *Care* and *Induſtry:* Not as a *treaſure* to be *prodigally ſpent*, but a *ſtock* to be *thriftily huſbanded* and Improved: He accounts it a thing moſt unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to be an *Unhusband*, eſpecially where the *treaſure* is *God's*, and he but his *Steward*; yet ſuch a ſteward, as has the *uſe*, as it were, of his Lord's *purſe* for his Incouragement.

His *acquired* Intellectuall accompliſhments, are too *numerous* and *various* to be here characterized, ſomething muſt be ſaid of them hereafter in his *ſtudy*, though but very little; for I chuſe rather to *inſiſt* upon what

what Denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *Great* and *knowing*: for though the *latter* be *uſefull* and *excellent*, yet the *former* are more *praiſe worthy* and *Neceſſary*.

§. 8. *His Command over himſelfe.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Inſtruments* and *ſervants*, not the *Guides* and *Miſtreſſes* of his *Soul*. He ſubjugates His *Will* unto *Reaſon*, and *this* to *Religion*; and and by this means it comes to paſſe that he never miſſes of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, becauſe he never *wills* but what is according to *reaſon*, nor thinks any thing *Reaſonable* but what's *honeſt* and *Lawfull*: thus by making *God's will* his *own*, he is never *Croſt* in his *deſires*.

Thus he exerciſes the *firſt* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*; and that he may be more *expert* in Governing *others*, he firſt *practiſes* upon *himſelfe*; and learns to command his *Inferiour* Soul. He will not *ſubmit* in the leaſt to the *Tyranny* of a *Paſſion*, nor hearkens he further to the moſt tempting *Suggeſtions* of his *Senſitive* part, then

he ſees that *ſubject* to the *grave* and *ſober* dictates of its lawfull *Empereſſe Right Reaſon.* His *Affections* when *prepared* and fitted by an *unprejudiced Judgment* for his ſervice, he delaies not to put into *exerciſe*, but imployes them as ſo many *wings*, whereon his ſoul may be Carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *Indulgence* in him, to ſuffer his *Paſſions* to be their own *carvers*, and *chuſers* of their own *objects:* for *theſe* beeing the Naturall *Daughters* of his *untamed ſenſitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *diſcreet* in their choiſe; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *faireſt* rather then the *beſt*, and more labour to *flatter* the *Senſe*, then *obey* the *Reaſon:* As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reaſon Cuts* them out their work, and *aſſignes* every one it's proper taske; and by this means at length they become the *Beauty*, *ornament* and *ſtrength*, which otherwiſe had naturally been, the *Blemiſhes*, *Diſorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He deſires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore *he ſets his Affections on things above*, and *points* them

them out the way to *Heaven*, that's his *prudence*. The ſoule without them would be *lame* and unable to *goe*; and they without it's *eye* of *Reaſon*, are *blind* and know not which way to goe: but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind man's* back) let but the *judgment* direct *them* in the *right* path, and then *they* will carry the *ſoul* to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a *Man* to be *without* all *Paſſion*, but he is not ſo much a *Beaſt* as to be *governed* by it.

In this *Moderation* and *Empire* over *himſelfe*, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and *limits* the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the inſatiable *cravings* of *ſenſuallity*; the juſt *rule* he goes by is not *Opinion* but *knowledg*; not that *leaden* one, which is ſo eaſily *bent* and made *Crooked*, or *melted* and *diſſolved* by the *heat* of *Paſſion*, or the *arts* of *Sophiſtry*, into *error* and *Skepticiſme*; but that other *Golden* one, which lies as *cloſe* and *firme*, as 'tis made *ſtraight* and *even*. When he would *imprint* the true *lovelineſſe* of any *Object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all thoſe Cunningly wrought *Glaſſes*, or other inſtruments of *Sathan* and

Luſt, ſet ſo frequently to *prejudice* and *deceive* the *ſight*; whatſoever might cauſe him to *miſtake* a *falſe* object for a *true*, or to ſee a true one *amiſſe*: ſo endeavours he to be as free from *error* as from *vice*: eſteeming it as a *ſin* to act againſt his *knowledg*, ſo a *ſhame* at leaſt to be *deceived* in his *Opinion*.

He judges of *things*, as he does of *men*, not by what they *promiſe*, but by what they *prove*; and ſo he *truſts*, and *Loves*, and *feares* them, not for what in *appearance* they *ſeem* to be, but for what in the *uſe* and *triall* of them he *finds* that in truth they *are*. He accounts not an *Oxe* therefore more *terrible* then a *Lion*, becauſe he is *greater*: nor a *Pebble* more *deſirable* then a *Pearl* becauſe 'tis *heavier*: But he firſt collects the *Excellency* of every thing from it's *uſefulneſſe*, and *tendency* unto that *end* he *aimes* at in the *purſuit* after or *uſe* of it, and then he *proportions* his affections according to that *degree* of Excellency, he has thus *rationally* concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the firſt place *Lord* it over his *Paſſion*, 'till in a long *obedience* ſhe have ſerved out her *apprenticeſhip* to his *Reaſon*: then is ſhe

ſhe deſervedly *enfranchiſed* into a *vertue*, and ſo becomes at length her *Lord's Miſtreſſe*; and 'tis *ſhe* will get him a *reward* for his ſervice in *Heaven.*

§. 9. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick* Vertue, which is as a *ſecond ſoul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enſpirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*; I mean, *Chriſtian Magnanimity* and *Greatneſſe* of *Soul.* This preſently heaves him up to that *ſize* that the wide *world* ſeems too *ſtrait* and *narrow* to contain him, or afford *room* enongh for him to expreſſe the *activity* of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *ſmall* things, and diſdain to goe *leſſe* then his *Name.* Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he caſts *down* his eye upon thoſe *little* Happineſſes, which ſeem enough to ſatisfie the *Narrow* Souls of other men, with no little *Contempt* and *Scorne:* but on thoſe poor *ſtarvelings* themſelves, whoſe *Earthly Appetites* can make ſuch *traſh* their *Diet*, with as mnch *Pitty* and *Compaſſion.* It is this *Vertue* which ſo *ennobles* all

all his *actions* that they beare a juſt proportion to the *largeneſſe* of his *thoughts*; and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this ſame *Vertue* which makes his own *Boſome* his *Treaſury*, and that ſo *rich* and *ſelfe ſufficient*, that all the *externall* felicities this world has or can *caſt in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as *ſlender* a reguard, as the *Widowes Mite* would have been by the great *Lord* of the *Temple*, without a large *Augmentation* from her *Piety* and *Devotion*. It is this *Virtue* which makes him a *Calme* in his own *breſt* when the whole world beſides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *ſtorme* and *tempeſt* threaten never ſo loudly a *ſplitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* ſouls; he knowes not how to fear, whileſt his *Courage* is his *Anchor*, and *Innocence* his *ſafe Harbour*. This is it which makes him conclude their Labour very ill ſpent, who for the cheriſhing of a Childdiſh humour, uſe to *ſweat*, and *Conſume* their *ſtrength* and *Spirits* in purſuit of a *Feather*; or *ſtrain* their *backs* to take up every *ſtraw* that *Gliſters* in their way. It ought to be a much Nobler *Game* then ſuch

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a ſilly *fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchſafes to *Stoop* to.

But as this brave *Virtue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be *enough* to himſelfe, and reſt *Content* and *Satisfied* with what he hath at *home*; ſo does it likewiſe teach him to be *too much* for himſelfe and Commands him not to vindicate *all* of himſelfe wholy to his *own* uſe and ſervice. It were pitty ſo *great* a *Goodneſſe* ſhould be thus *Confined* within *one* ſubject, as not to be able to *Diſtribute* ſomething of it ſelfe to *every* one of it's neighbours. Nay this *Chriſtian Magnanimity* doth ſo *ſtretch* out his Soul, that even *that* too ſeems to be *Communicated* unto *others* beſides himſelfe: It is a kind of *violence* and *reſtraint* to her to be pinned up within the narrow *Province* of one *Individuall* Body, and therefore ſhe ſtudies how ſhe may *enlarge* if not her *Empire* yet her *Charity*; and make a *number* by being the *Objects* of her *bounty*, the *witneſſes* of her *Greatneſſe*. Indeed ſo *Diffuſive* and ſpreading is *Vertue*, when ſhe growes in ſo *rich* a ſoyle, that of a *little* ſhe ſoon becomes *great*, and of *One* a *Multitude*. This *grain of Muſtardſeed* growes up ſo faſt, and ſo

great, that many may reap the benefit of it's grouth, by partaking of it's branches. And ſuch a *Clond*, as at firſt might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will ſuddenly make a *Nation* happy in that refreſhing *dew*, which by it's *plenty*, will argue a ſtrange *increaſe* after ſo *ſmall* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *ſoul* ſhould in a ſhort time *animate* the *Univerſe*, and make it more then ever the poor *Philoſopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the ſeverall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* ſpirits of the *Common* ſort of men be ſuch as *force* him againſt his will to be *ſingular*; yet to ſhow us how *unwilling* he is to *remain* ſo, his *vertues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *Breathings* ſuch, as might well be thought intended by him to *inſpire* his Company with ſomething *like* himſelfe; and all his *Actions* ſo many earneſt *Eſſayes* towards the *aſſimilating* of *their* Natures unto his *own*. He is Maſter of ſo *inexhauſtible* and *Miraculous* a treaſury of *Goodneſſe*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little* and yet keep *all* unto *himſelfe*.

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He knowes not how to *be* good; and not to *doe* good, and therefore one halfe of his ſtudy is to *give himſelfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knowes) more *need* him, then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be Compared unto a Great *Book*, which alwaies lies wide *open* to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *Counſell*, may freely *Conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, what himſelfe, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great pains to *Coppy* out *faire* in all his *Actions*, whatever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *Good*; thus in *one* and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *Good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *virtue* more manifeſt it ſelfe in a liberall *diſtribution* and *Inſtruction*, then in as *free* and *Impartiall* a *Correction* and *reproofe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſſe* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *Company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every Man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithete* which

which is due unto it; that ſo every one that comes into his preſence, may be *afraid* to bring a *bad name* along with him. He can *envy* no man becauſe he cannot ſee any one *better* then himſelfe; neither yet can he *deſpiſe* any man, becauſe he really *deſires* every one might be as *good* as himſelfe.

So that, what's moſt of all Commendable, this moſt excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a moſt exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deſervedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is ſuch a *Diminutive* in his *own*. Nor does this proceed from an *Ignorance* of his own *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knowes* whence he *had* them: Neither does he therefore *præferre* every man in *Honour* before himſelfe, becauſe he knowes not what *other* men *are*, but becauſe he knowes not what they *may* be. He is really ſo *high* that he may with eaſe *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himſelfe ſo *low* that he may go in at the *ſtrait gate*. When he looks upon his own *vertues* (which he had rather *ſhow* then *ſee*, and *have* then *ſhow*) he will not think them *great*, becauſe he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to

applaud

applaud himſelfe when he *ſees* them *great*, becauſe he knowes well how little *he* either *made* or *deſerved* them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more deſire the *friendſhip* of a *vertuous Beggar*, then the *favour* of a *vicious* and *licentious Prince*; becauſe *this* he muſt aſſuredly *loſe*, ſeeing he knowes not how in a *Compliance* to his humour to become *wicked*; but *that* ſhall never *end*, but *laſt* as long as his *Heaven*. He chuſes his *Companions* not by the *outward* habit of their Body, but that *internall* of the Soul; and ſets an higher *value* on them for their *Merits* then their *Births*. He is ſo little *proud* of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perſuaded (as moſt of thoſe we call *Gallants* doe) to *pride* himſelfe in his *Vanity*, *Boaſt* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophaneneſſe*.

§. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentleman's *Charity*, is no other then his *Soul draw'n out to his finger's ends*. Every piece of *money* he hath, beares as well the *Impreſſion* and *Image* of this *Vertue*, as *that* of his *Prince*; and *this* is it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver Isse*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cause he is look'd upon as a *Monster* in these later dayes, and very *rarely* to be met with.

The course he takes to *ayre* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *distribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take some pains to become *richer* then others, it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miscall *Fortune*, and to manifest he hath a *power* as great as her's; that is, to make himselfe *poor* again at his pleasure; and to show that *Charity* can entertain as *rich* servants as *she*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wisely Considers that the *youngest* of all may in equity challenge a *Child's portion*. He esteemes it a very high *Honour*, that God has vouchsafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His* great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of *his Epithete* to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Gospell* for his *Injustice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to the

the *Lord*, the *Honour* of being the *Lord's Creditor* is all the *Intereſt* he expects; and doubtleſſe this *Happineſſe* is not *every* man's, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *ſafer* way, to truſt his *Charity* then his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*, the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Taverne*, but a very *ſad* one in *Hell*. He delights not to ſee *any* thing *ſtarve* but his *Luſts*, he lets theſe *crave* without an *Anſwer*, and *die* without *Compaſſion*. I would to God, there were *many* in the world ſuch as he, we ſhould then ſee *fewer Beggars*, and *more Gentlemen*. Men's *backs* and *Bellies* would not then ſo frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *ſouls*: Now adayes, the Gentleman's *cloaths* wind about his *Body*, and his *Body* about his *Soul*, with no greater *kindneſſe*, then the twining *Ivy* about the *Oake*; the *Apparell* ſucks away the *nouriſhment* which is due to the *Body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Eſtate adæquate* to his *deſerts*; he takes a better Courſe, and *Levels* his *deſires* to his *fortune*: though he *ſeldome* have all that he *deſerves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *Covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needfull*, becauſe he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health* not his *Eſtate* or *ambition* the *ſtandard*, his *Reaſon* and not his *Humour* the *judge* of his *Neceſſities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the uſe of thoſe *Creatures*, of which by God's *bleſſing*, he is made *owner*; that he *ſacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relieſe* of the Indigent, *nothing* to *ſin*, in ſatisfying the importunate cravings of his *Carnall luſts*. Above all, he is *aſhamed*, when *Fortune* hath uſed him very *hardly* and ſpoil'd him of many opportunities of exerciſeing his *Bounty* and his *Charitie*, to permit his *luſts* to uſe him yet *worſe*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He ſcornes *firſt* to *ſwaggar* and *ſwill* away his eſtate, and *then Curſe* his *fortune* for uſeing him ſo roughly; firſt to *make* himſelfe a *Beggar*, and then *cry out* upon his *poor* Condition; or to Complain he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as Deliciouſly as Dives*. When he has the *leaſt*, he ſhowes that he is able to live with *leſſe*; and when he is brought into a *low* Condition,

tion, he tries how he could bear up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulneſſe* in that ſome would call *want* and *Miſery*, that *Happineſſe* does not Conſiſt in *ſuperfluities*. He is *Content* with *any* thing, and by this means *enjoyes all* things; and is ſo *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuſes rather to be *well* in the *Morning*, then *drunk* over *night*; and at any time had rather be *free* from the *Sin*, then *pleaſe* his *Companions* with the *Frollick*. His *Money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw away*: and he had much rather *give* it then *loſe* it; preferring his *charity* before his *Game*; and the *poor* man's *life*, before his *own Wantonneſſe* and *Riot*: Though he had never ſo *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*, becauſe he ſees ſo *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pitties* all he *ſees* in *want*. He looks upon his *eſtate* as that which was given him for *uſe* and not for *waſt*; and upon ſo much of it as he *loſes* at play, as that whereby he has *rob'd himſelfe* of a *vertue*, and *another* of a *Comfortable* livelihood, and he cannot *ſport* himſelfe with ſuch *loſſes*.

§. 11. *His*

§. 11. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having ſpoken allready of the Gentleman's *Magnanimity*, I ſhall need to adde very little of his *Valour*; which he exerciſes more in *Obeying* his *God*, then *Oppoſing* his *Brethren*. His higheſt piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *Conquers himſelfe* and his *ſin*; and in this he is alway *practiſing*. He knowes that by thus becoming his *own Captive*, he ſhall not want the *uſage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is ſure to be *free* from all the *world* beſides. He looks upon it as the baſeſt degree of *Cowardice*, to yield unto thoſe *feeble Paſſions*, which, did not both *Reaſon* and *Religion* ſtep in to their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *Empty* toy. His Chriſtian *Fortitude* is ſuch, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliah* of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of ſuch *Philiſtins* as have ſet themſelves in array againſt his *Happineſſe*, all at once: not though they be ſuch, as by their *Cunning* have allready got *within* him: He never gives over *Reſiſting the Divell* till he have put

put him to *flight*. He hath that *greateſt Courage* which is ſo rarely found in others, who would be call'd *Gentlemen*, he *dares* be *Religious* in ſpite of the *World*. He ſets himſelfe, without betraying the leaſt *timidity*, againſt that great *Bugbeare*, which ſo *ſcares* moſt men not onely out of their *wits* but out of all *good actions*, *Shame*, or *Deriſion*. Theſe are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrhus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulk*, do ſo *affright* the greateſt part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave *flying* till they *tumble* into the *Bottomleſſe Pit* together. The *True* Gentleman, like the ſtout *Minucius*, has by experience proved theſe *Monſters* to be of more *Bulke* then *Mettall*, and to want *nothing* but an *Adverſary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *true* Gentleman has ſo much *true valour*, as not to *fear* the *brand* of a *Coward*, where his *Courage* would be his *ſin*, and his *Conqueſt* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in ſuch a *chaſe*, and dare *boaſt* of nothing but being *routed*. 'Tis then alone he *feares* not *Death*, when he is ſure there is no *Hell* will *follow* it. His *life* is more *dear* to him, then

that he ſhould be Content to part with it for any thing *leſſe* then *Heaven.* He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Miſtreſſe* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul:* For the ſakes of *theſe two* he is engaged in many a *Duell*, with thoſe *Hereſies* and thoſe *Sins*, which would *ſtain* and *Corrupt* the *one*, or *ſteal* away and *deflower* the *other.*

He thinks that *Honour* too *dear* which muſt be *bought* with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worne*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapeſt*, when *purchaſed* with his *life.* He has much *Honeſter* thoughts of his *Miſtreſſe*, then to think her ſuch a *Proſerpine*, that either *he* or his *Rivall* muſt be ſent to *Hell*, before *either* can *enjoy* her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *loſſe* to *die*; but ſuch an one as is often *black*, though alwaies *lovely*: I mean, his own *Mother* and his Saviour's *ſpouſe*; the *Church* of God: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *Life* and *Livelihood*, though (if he might have his choiſe) he had rather *preſerve*

ſerve both to *maintain* it, then *loſe either* to *purchaſe* it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Country*: For theſe he does not fear to *Embrace* a *Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Block* his *Pillow*; ſeeing he is aſſured, that whoſoever thus *lies down* to *reſt* at *night*, ſhall without faile *riſe* again to *Glory* in the *Morning*. He holds it much more deſireable to *live* a *Beggar*, then to *die* a *Traytor*: And that his *Honour* and *Conſcience* ſhould expoſe him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hipocriſy* buy out his *temporall ſecurity*. He thinks it no great matter to *truſt* that *God* with his *Perſon* and his *Family*, who hath *truſted him* with his *ſpouſe* and his *Children*.

Hence is the Gentleman's *Prudence*, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyalty* and *Conſcience*, not the *Baſtard* of *Covetouſneſſe* and *Cowardice*; 'tis mixt of *Diſcretion* and *Wiſedome*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet ſo blindly *zealous*, as to worſhip a *Golden Calfe* for a God, that ſo he might keep his *Cheſt* from being *broken* open: Nor was he ever ſo abſolute a *Stateſman*, as to call *Rebellion Reformation*, for fear of *Pover-*

ty or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to *wife* and *children* is such that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happinesse; and therefore his care is *so* to *part* with them *now*, that he may *meet* them again in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *æternall*, though by incurring a *temporall*, misery. Such a *Politician* onely he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudently* managed his *Lord's* affaires upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambassador*, who prosecutes his *own* designe with more earnestnesse then his *Master's*; or acts more vigorously for the advancement of his *own* particular *Interest*, then the *Publick Good*, or his *Prince's Honour*.

It is his *Prudence* to *secure* what's *best*, by the *losse* of what's *Indifferent*, whensoever he is *necessitated* to part with *one* of the *two*; and he chuses rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is only *sure* once to *lose*, and by that *losse* become eternally *happy*; then to *throw* away *that* which in spight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never *part* with, without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* must spring up amongst the good *Corne* in that *field*, wherein God has intended him a *labourer*,

labourer, he had rather ſhow by his *activeneſſe* that they were not ſowne whileſt he *ſlept*; then by a *covetous lazineſſe* give the *Enemy* an opportunity of Compaſſing his deſignes; or occaſion the diſheartening of his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* ſhoulder, and leaving them *alone* to beare the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *Day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Diſciples* of his *Lord*, to leave his *Father* and his *Net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *Perſecution* into *Heaven*; then with the Carking *Fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barne* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time ſuffer his *Soul* to be ſtolne out of his Body by the ſedulous craft of the *ſeducer*.

§. 12. *His Behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* ſmile upon him, and be indeed ſuch as he dare call her *Good*, he makes it his buſineſſe to be altogether as *good* as ſhe; and will be ſure as well to *deſerve* as to *wear* her *Livery*. His care is that her good uſage of him may be rather deem'd the juſt *reward* of his own *Moderation* and *Good-Huſbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of ſo

blind a *Miſtreſſe*. He makes his *Proſperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the *opportunity* of *diſplaying* his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that *he* moſt happily *enjoyes* the *World*, that Glories *leſt* in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his preſent flouriſhing Condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be *refuſed*, then with egerneſſe to be *deſired*; and upon what he now *poſſeſſes*, as that which he knowes not how *ſoone* he may *loſe*; and therefore he makes himſelfe now ſo *careleſſe* an *owner*, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a *cheerfull* and *Contented loſer*. He dares not Phancy himſelfe one jot the *neerer* Heaven, for being thus *mounted* on the Deceitfull wings of *Fortune*, leſt when the contrary wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall *awakes* him from his pleaſant *dreame*, he ſhould find himſelfe to be *really* as *low*, as he was before but *ſeemingly high*. If *Fortune* be content to *lodge* with him as his *gheſt*, ſhe is *welcome*; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertain her, either as his *wife*, or his *Harlot*; leſt either an untimely *divorce* ſhould *break* his *heart*, or ſhe ſhould

ſhould bring a *Baſtard* for a *Son*, and ſo at length *ſhame* and *diſgrace* him. He can neither ſo farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddeſſe*, which he knowes of her ſelfe to be no more but a *name*; nor ſo farre *Honour* her as to *aske her bleſſing*, becauſe he knowes that whatſoever *Goodneſſe* men are apt to aſcribe unto her, is but one of the *meaneſt* bleſſings of a *Greater* then *ſhe*. *Laugh* ſhe never ſo heartily, her *pleaſantneſſe* ſhall never *overjoy* him, ſeeing (for ought he knowes) ſhe either does or may ere long *laugh* at *him*; and if ſhe *Frown*, *he* can frown as faſt as *ſhe*, and that for her kindneſſe. He never *relies* upon her, becauſe he knowes ſhe is naturally ſo *unconſtant*: nor can he ſee any reaſon why he ſhould be *proud* of beeing her favourite, becauſe he may every where behold many of the moſt *undeſerving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himſelfe.

To ſpeak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath ſo ſlight an eſteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchſafe her the *Honour* of a *Beeing*, but leaves that to thoſe poor *Heathens* who were *indeed* as *blind* as they *ſuppoſed* her to be. Whatſoever *bleſſings* he enjoyes

he received them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent *father*, with *thanks* and *love*; and he uſeth them to that *end*, for which he ſuppoſes ſo *Good* and *Prudent* a father would beſtow them on a *Beloved Son*; ſo that he may make them as much *Inſtruments* of his own *Good*, as they are *teſtimonies* of his father's *affection*. He looks upon his *Proſperity*, not ſo much as a *reward* for doing *well*, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much leſſe can he think his *flouriſhing* condition, as many ſeem to doe, a piece of *Heaven's* flattering *Courtſhip*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* up his *luſts*, and making himſelfe a *Glorious ſinner*. Seeing he has already received ſo *bountifull* a reward for doing ſo *little*, he accounts it a *ſhame* for the future not to make himſelfe a fit object for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and *better*. Such an *Ingenuous* Spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinks every *reward* for what's *paſt*, an *obligation* to *future* good ſervices; and he had rather wait with patience for all his *arreares* together, then ever be thought to have received the *laſt payment* here.

If

If it be his lot to groan out his daies under the heavy preſſures of *affliction*: he is not like the Inconſiderate *Drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* Intemperance in *drinking* and *ſleeping*, complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *Curſe* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of eaſe; forgetting to turne that *ſinne* out of dores which occaſion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *Wretched* and *Impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a juſt *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard-heart* of his *Judg*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Curſing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *Murther* or the *Robbery* which brought his *Body* into the hands of *this* executioner, and will, unrepented of, deliver his *Soul* into the farre leſſe mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a *Naturall* and hopefull child, he ſeriouſly Conſiders his own *Errors*, which provoked his father thus to *Chaſtiſe* him; and ſo by *ſtroking* the hand, and *kiſſing* the Rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he ſets his father's affections, which before he had *turn'd aſide*, not *loſt*, into their own proper *Channel* again.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames *himselfe* for the *Occasion*, but blesseth *God* for the *Charity*; with the other, as *Tryals*, and so makes it his care that he come not all *Drosse* out of the *Furnace*. The same Fire which *Consumes* others, doth but *refine* his soul, and separating from it, the more grosse and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, so he may be sure to loose the *Chaffe*, and be made all *wheat*, such as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is ashamed to think that God should lose his paines, and the more he *thrashes*, find onely more *straw* but lesse *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, *more* in *measure*, *purer* in *Colour*, and *readier* for *use* and *service*. Though a *Bryar* or a *Thorne*, may *scratch* or *prick* his *heel* a little, in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *useless* blood; though he may sometimes be so *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with something of his *fleece*, and perhaps so much of the *skin* too, as may make it *smart* a while; Yet has he

too

too *high* a ſoul, to fall ſo much within the *reach* of theſe *Creeping* brambles, as to receive from them the leaſt *Scratch* in his *face*. He alwaies carries an *head* as *erect* as his *hopes* are *high*; and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honeſty*, nor his *Honour* be made to *ſuffer* by it.

He dares not make either a *Baſe Compliance* with the *vices* of his *perſecutors*, the *refuge* of his *Cowardice*, or the *wings* of the *Potent*, by bribing their *Ambition* with *Flattery* and *Diſſimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the *lightning* of his ſufferings by a *voluntary* caſting any *part* of his eſtate into the devouring Treaſury of the *Churche's Enemy*; nor hope to appeaſe the wrath of a diſpleaſed God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppreſſors; neither doth he eſſay to *drown* his *ſorrowes* in the *Bottome* of his *Cup*: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Hornes* of the *Altar*: and by a *Magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, ſhowes that true *Honour*, is a *Jewel* indeed, ſuch as will not *break* with the *Hammer*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never ſo much diſcovers thoſe Holy *fires* of *zeale* and *devotion*, which were

not

not before so apparent, as when it most experiences the *violence* of the *hardest steel*: And his *Innocence* is so perfectly *Malliable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broader* it growes. In short, the Gentleman carries himselfe so *evenly* betwixt these *Contrary* windes, that he is neither *shaken* by the *one*, nor *puff'd up* with the *other*: He is such in *prosperity*, that he does not *fear Adversity*; and such in *adversity*, that he needs not to *wish* for *Prosperity*; such indeed in *both*, that it shall never *repent* him, that he hath tasted *either*.

§. 13. *His respect and affection for his Country.*

The true *Gentleman* is no lesse *Serviceable* to his *Countrey*, then *Honourable* in *himselfe*. He cannot Phancy himselfe so *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and so made for *something*; and 'till he can perswade himselfe to be a *God* (who is his own *End* and *Happinesse*) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to serve *himselfe*. He that made him, made him a *Brother* to *many*, and he owes a duty of *love* unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, which is neither for *ſight* nor *ſervice*; but like *that* which having once received the *ſtamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *Current*, and *uſefull* to *many*. Neither reſembles he the *Glow-worme* or a *Rotten ſtick* in the *Dark*, which hath no more *light* then will ſhow it ſelfe to be *ſomething*, though no body by that light *alone* knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *elſe* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the Firmament, from which this Inferiour World receives all it's *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually ſcattering the *rayes* and *Influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the *Wide* Sphere of his *Motion*. As amongſt the *Elements*, the moſt *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the moſt *active* too; and moſt *profitable*, as well as moſt *High* and *Diſtant*: And as the *higheſt* of Bodies, to wit, the *Cæleſtiall* cannot naturally *reſt*, but indeed by their Continuall and ſwift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *Benefit* of the *whole* world beſides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *Glory* of Mankind, never without ſome commendable *buſineſſe* and *Employment*, and

ſuch

ſuch as ſhall aſſuredly at laſt tend unto the great good and advantage, of as *many* as lie within the *Compaſſe* of his *Influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for ſome other end, then to ſtand, like a *fair* and *goodly Tulip*, in a *painted Pot*, in ſome *window* or other *Corner* of the Chamber, onely to *grace* the roome, without either *ſmell* or other *apparent virtue*; He is rather like the ſweet and lovely *Roſe*, which *perfumes* the Aire all *about* it, and is beſides, no leſſe *Medicinall*, then *fragrant*. If ever the Gentleman *ſeem* to be *Idle*, he does no more but *ſeem* ſo. He onely *ſets* himſelfe *down* a while, as he would doe a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been *troubled* by much *motion*, that ſo it may by a *ſettling* of it's heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after ſhe hath been violently *ſhaken* to and fro, and much *troubled* with the affaires of the world; he may by this *reſt*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottome*, that ſo the *Groſſer deſcending*, his *beſt* and *cleareſt thoughts* may again be *uppermoſt* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* Body up and down the *ſtreets*, as men uſe to doe

doe their *Dancing-horſes* in a *Fair*, onely to be *ſeen*, and make *ſport* for the Spectators: No, though never ſo *gloriouſly* trick'd up, and accoutned, yet does he freely *ſtoop*, to take ſome part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walkes with more *eaſe*, nor ſhowes more reall *ſtate*, then when thus *Loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all *calling*, knowing that every *ſervant* (and every *man* ought to be God's *ſervant*) how *proud* ſoever muſt have his *worke*. Seeing God hath ſo bleſt him with *abundance*, that he *needs* not *worke* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to his God, *Worke* for his *Countrie's peace* and *ſafety*. He ſcornes to have it thought, that *He* is the onely *Cumberſome* thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes *great* onely by ſucking away that *nouriſhment*, which ſhould *feed* and *ſtrengthen* the *ſerviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length, but to *Improve* the *Chirurgions skill*, and the *patience* of the *Diſeaſed*. Thoſe *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermoſt* in the Body, and moſt *Honourable*, are alwaies moſt *buſied* too for the Good of the *whole*:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs* of *ſenſe*; there too is the *Underſtanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgment*, to *ſee*, to *heare*, *diſcerne*, *contrive*, *plot* and *direct*: and as he knowes it is his *Honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Countrey*; ſo doth he own it his *duety*, not to refuſe the exerciſe of that *Office* which belongs unto him. *Hence* he thinks it an *unworthineſſe* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to doe *no Good*; and theſe *two* he can very hardly *diſtinguiſh*, as ſome would fain doe, ſeeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *ſtarke naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying ſhame, whileſt the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are juſtly reckon'd among the *Neceſſary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then ſuch *Mechanicks*, ſhould not be ſo much as *uſefull* to the place where he lives: or at moſt, but as the *trimming* is to a good *ſuit*, or the *haire* to the *head*, which may be *Cut off* and thrown away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentleman's* priviledg, not

not to be a ſervant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body; and that whileſt others in their Inferiour Condition, are onely made capable of ſerving a *few*, his fortune is ſuch as will allow him to be truly ſerviceable unto *all*. Herein conſiſts his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudg* or *journy-man*; but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Maſter* of his trade; and whileſt others *toyle* hard, and receive a *ſcant* pittance when their worke's done; He is able to worke *gratis*, and ſo *oblige* a great part of the world by his *ſervice*. Indeed this muſt needs be the greateſt obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder* and doe *better* then other men, becauſe he is beforehand not onely furniſhed with good *tooles*, by an *Ingenuous education*, to worke withall; but hath (as was ſaid) received ſo great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is aſſured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he aſhamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleneſſe*, who of his great *goodneſſe* hath ſo farre already *truſted* to his *honeſty*?

As he *refuſeth* no Employment, which may render him according to the meaſure

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*, ſo is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *ſtrength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Country* perſwades him not to *refuſe* the *higher*, ſo doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no burthen *heavy* which he is *able* to beare; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Eaſe* an *excuſe*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apology* for his refuſall. He diſchargeth his truſt with that *fidelity*, which will be ſure to gain him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applauſe* and *love* of the *Good*, and the unanimous *thanks* of his *Country*.

§. 14. *His Studies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to think upon it early in the *Morning* of his age, and accuſtomes himſelfe to the *yoak* whileſt he is *young*, that ſo he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He makes it *now* his buſineſſe to gather the *thyme*, which he intends ſhall prove *Hony hereaf-*

hereafter; and to lay up in the *Spring* what may ſtand him in ſtead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learnes to be *Old* in his *youth*; and he ſucks ſo much out of every *ſcience* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by degrees hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener yeares onely ſo much *diſcretion*, as to *find* the *want* of what he ſhould *have*, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, 'till he can get enough for himſelfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wiſe and grave *Inſtructor*, from whoſe both *dictates* and *example* he hopes to gain ſo much as may make him the *Inſtructor* of others hereafter: And he learnes ſo betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reaſon to ſay he began to *Command* too *ſoon*. It is his choice to live under a *ſevere* diſcipline, rather then to be left to himſelfe as his *own* Maſter; leſt perhaps failing in his *firſt* Command, whereby he ſhould have Govern'd *himſelfe*, he might deſpaire of better ſucceſſe in his *ſecond* of Commanding *others*.

His firſt care therefore now is to be wholy

guided by him to whose *prudence* he is intrusted; lest by rejecting *him*, he might seem to disparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choise* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him *seem* to him *irrationall*, so long as he knowes them not *sinfull*, he had rather *distrust* his own *judgment*, then neglect his director's *counsell*: and he never thinks himselfe (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, 'till he be sure he *knowes the way* to that he aimes at, *better* then he. He never showes himselfe more to be his *own* man, and at his own dispoſall, then by this *unconstrained* act of *resigning* himselfe up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age* and *Discretion*, as to be able to benefit himselfe by his *Company*, he will be sure to make choise of such *Companions* as may serve him instead of *Books*, and of such *Books* as he intends shall often serve him for *Companions*: He is not ashamed to be now the *worst* man in that *Company*, wherein he may *learne* from his betters, how to be the *best* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *best* man *there*, *where* he can never learne to be *better*, but often

often *worſe* then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himſelfe, are ſuch as will more *make* the *man*, then *pleaſe* the *Boy*. He takes delight in nothing which will ſend him *back* again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and ſuch like *pleaſing* ſtudies, he does not wholy *neglect* them, but uſes them as good *ſauces* to make others more *ſubſtantiall* and *nouriſhing* *relliſh* the *better*. He loves not to ſpend his time in cracking *Empty* Nuts without a *Kernell*; nor to break his *tender* teeth by *gnawing* upon *Saples* bones. Neither Nice *Criticiſmes* nor tough *Notions*, can recompenſe him for the vaſt expence of that precious time, he ſhould be at in making himſelfe the Maſter of *either*. When he is entred into the faire *garden* of the *Muſes* it is not his onely buſineſſe to *pick* up here and there a few *leaves* to hide the *Nakedneſſe* of his *diſcourſe*; or to *adorne* it with *Bloſſomes* and *flouriſhes* out of ſome *Poetick* figment, or *Romantick* ſtory; but he *gathers*, *eats* and *digeſts*, that which is *fruit* indeed, and ſuch as is truly *wholſome* and *nouriſhing*: Nor doth he, as the Emperour's Army, lie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle-ſhels* upon the *ſhores* of good litterature, but he boldly launches out into the main *Ocean*, and there Contemplates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his deſigne to be call'd a *Witty Gentleman*, and ſuch an one as can talk *high*, and breath *flaſhes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and ſtore himſelfe with ſo many *jeſts*, and ſo much *Bombaſt*, as may *tickle* ſome, and *ſtupifie* others; he ſtudies more to make himſelfe a *man* then a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then talke *finely*. *True Hiſtories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Morall* diſcourſes, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muſes* doe ordinarily *recreate* themſelves: that ſo by his *Pleaſures* as well as *Pains*, both the *Commonwealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himſelfe*. As for thoſe *lighter* and more *ayery* ſtudies, ſuch as too frequently by their lovely *paint* and *diſſembled* beauty, *ſteal* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of moſt Gentlemen, he makes the ſame uſe of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* ſake, and as he paſſes along ſometimes caſts a *careleſſe eye*, upon thoſe

thoſe many pretty *bloſſomes* or *pictures* which he finds there. Theſe may for a *moment* or two command his *eye*, but never his *affection*. Of ſuch toyes he had rather ſay hereafter that he *has ſeen* them, then that he *knowes* them. He would be *ignorant* of *nothing*, but he would onely be *acquainted* with the *beſt*. He has a more *Maſculine* ſtomack, then to *feed* upon that which is *all ſauce*, but if there be a *little* in the Diſh, to make him relliſh his *meat* the better, he is not *diſpleaſed* with it, though ſo long as his *meat* of it ſelfe is *good*, he doth not *greatly deſire* it.

Divinity can never lie out of the *true* Gentleman's *way*, becauſe he is alwaies going towards *Heaven*: For notwithſtanding ſhe ſeems ſo *pale-faced*, and of ſo *ſoure* a Countenance to thoſe that *love* her *not*, becauſe they do not *know* her; yet is there ſo much *heavenly beauty*, and ſo many *noble features* diſcernable in her face, by the Gentleman's *undiſtemper'd* eye, that he ſoon begins in earneſt to *love* her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatſoever, but he muſt often caſt a *longing eye* back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy

happy place whither he is travaling with so good a will, he *calls in* at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at so many *Innes*, to take a short *repast* by the way: or he stands *looking* upon them a while as upon so many *way marks* set up at the severall *turnings* and *Crosse paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledg* of his *God*, that's the way he constantly *walkes* in, and that which will certainly bring him at last to that *home*, where he shall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediousnesse* of his *journy*, and an *entertainment* suitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amisse that he allowes himselfe sometimes a *recreation* and *diversion*. But then his *recreation* shall be alwaies such as he *dares not* make his *businesse*, and yet such as he *dares* safely make his *play*: It hath alwaies so much of *Innocence* as to be *blamelesse*, and so much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has so much *Youthfulnesse*, as not to be a *Businesse*, and yet so much *Businesse* as not to be *Boyish*. It shall bring with it so much reall *pleasure* as may make it a *refreshment*, and yet so little

little *lovelineſſe*, as may ſpoile the *temptation*. He may ſtep *over* the hedg into the pleaſant *Meadow*, and pluck a ſweet *flower* or *two* to *ſmell* to as he goes along, but he dares not *lie* him *down*, or *rowle* himſelfe upon the tender *graſſe*, leſt he ſhould be tempted to too *long* a *ſtay*, and thereby be *benighted* in his journey.

He thinks it no *prudence* to fall in *love* with any *ſport*, which like a Cunning thiefe, *ſmiles* him in the *face*, whileſt it *cuts* his *purſe*, *ſteals* away his *time*, and *cheats* him of a *good Conſcience*. If *Agar* once begin thus to inſinuate her ſelfe into *thoſe* affections, *which* are *only* due to her *Miſtreſſe*; out of dores ſhe ſhall goe: He intends not to *ſell* his *Charity* at ſo *cheap* a rate, as the *falſe pleaſure* of his *game*; Nor has he ſo little either *thrift* or *Religion*, as to make ſo *fooliſh* an *Exchange*, and part either with his *Soul* or his *Time* for the *tranſitory* delight of a *dangerous* temptation. His uſuall *Recreation* therefore is, to make a *play* of his *Study*. He makes *one* ſtudy, like a *ſhooing-horne*, to *draw on* another, and makes the *variety* the *recreation*. Thus he takes the ſureſt courſe that may be, for making his

Study

Study ſo much his *Delight*, he ſaves himſelfe the *labour* of ſtudying for a *Paſſe-time*.

§. 15. *His Good-husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the manageing of his own *Eſtate*, he takes pains to inſtruct the world, how farre a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good-husband* without a ſuſpicion of being *worldly* or *Covetous*; and again how *freely* a man may *ſpend* his *Eſtate*, and yet be no *prodigall*. He hath ſo *circumſpect* and watchfull an eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may ſee he had much rather *give* away his *eſtate*, then be *cheated* of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*, for fear of loſeing the opportunity of *beſtowing much*. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulneſſe* of a *ſervant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Maſter*; ſo neither would he have the *Maſter's negligence* to occaſion the *ſervants diſhoneſty*.

His *Table* is *moderate*, that ſo his *Charity* and *Hoſpitallity* may *exceed*: as he ſtudies to be good *himſelfe*, ſo endeavours he to make *every* member of the *Family* as *good* as he; and he will have his *ſervants* to be his

his *Diſciples*, no leſſe then his *Children*. Neither ever does he ſo *wholy* vindicate their *ſervice* to *himſelfe*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they *owe* both to *God*, and their *own ſoules*.

If his condition of life be *ſingle*, he ſo behaves himſelfe therein, that no man ſhall thence be able to conclude, either that *he* wants a *Wife*, or his *houſe* a *Miſtreſſe*; So much *chaſtity* has the *one*, and ſo much *good order* is there in the *other*. But if he think it fit to *change* his Condition, he endeavours to chuſe a *ſecond ſelfe*, that may *ſuite* with the *former*; that ſo they may be (as neer as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *fleſh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted* rather as a *Vertue* then a *Miſtreſſe*, he now *uſes* as a *wife* and not as a *ſervant*; not (as 'tis uſuall of late) calling her *Miſtreſſe* and *Lady before* ſhe be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time *after*. Nor does he (as too many) marry *onely* for *Money*; knowing that *ſuch* are in danger of Committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, ſeeing they never Marry'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* and *Love*, not *Money* and *parentage*, make the Match:

and

and the *queſtion* he askes, is not---*What has ſhe?* but--*What is ſhe.* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and ſo he becomes as *good* an *Huſband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man.*

§. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *aſhamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debaſement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of *our* age. He *ownes* a *God*, and he *Worſhips* him, and makes that *Honour* which he obſerves *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of *his* reſpect to *them.* He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accounts all thoſe who can brook any *Diſhonour* or *Contempt* of their *God* that one *Common father* of us all, as a *Baſtard* and no *Son.* It would be no *Honour* for him to ſeeke an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to ſeek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be ſure to

to meet with ſuch, as ſhall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face who with *David's Fool*, ſuffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to ſay *There is no God.*

If you aske him, what *Religion* he is of, his anſwer is ready, of his *mother's*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church:* And yet is he onely ſo farre *her Son*, as he ſees her willing to continue his *Saviour's Spouſe*. Neither is he content to be ſtill an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* uſe to teach their *young* children) to ſay his *prayers* and his *Creed* by *rote*, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practiſes* all truely *by heart:* Notwithſtanding, he never *forgets* his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Subſtance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Diſciplined* by all thoſe *Chatting Dry-nurſes* which are ſo buſy about him, ſuch as indeed have *talk* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*; whoſe whole buſineſſe is indeed to make him *undutifull* to his *own mother*, and to ſet light by all her *Councells* and *Commands*: perſwading him to believe that a *true Child*

of

of God, not *ſubject* to a *Mother* in any thing; And they never ſhow their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they goe about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Chriſtians* by a ſtrict *Command* from her *Deareſt Lord* has ever been moſt *carefull* to *teach* all her children, to ſay---OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to *ſave* his *Credit* or his *Purſe*, to *ſee* his *friend* or *ſpeak* with his *Tenent*, but to *meet* his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his *God*, and to take *Directions* from *him* how to *behave* himſelfe the following *week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutifull* ſonne, he in private *Confeſſeth* his *faults*, and *begs* his Father's *pardon* and *bleſſing*; and for the better ordering of his *following* duties, reads over with *Care* and *Humility* ſome part of thoſe *Directions*, which he had long ſince Commanded his ſervants to ſet down in *writing* for his uſe.

He chuſeth his *Religion*, not by it's *Commonneſſe* but it's *truth*: and often *weighs* each branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be ſure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is moſt evident too many do) thruſts his hand at all *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatever he *hits* on *firſt*; for ſhould he goe the *firſt* way to work, he knowes, he ſhould be ſure to have, not whats *Beſt* and *Soundeſt*, but the *Eaſieſt*, and moſt *Gainfull*; if the *later*, it is an hundred to one that he ſhall draw a *blank*, and be made an *Atheiſt* for his labour. Here he dares not by any means follow or embrace what's moſt in *Faſhion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hipocricy* the cunning *Siſter* of *Atheiſme*, or *Atheiſme ſhamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he profeſſes that which is moſt *Ancient*, for that (he may be ſure) will at laſt be found moſt true.

His *Religion* is not ſuch a *Young*, *Light* and *Wanton* Girle, as pleaſes the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Intereſted profeſſor*; but ſuch a *Grave Matron* whoſe naturall *Beauty*, and *Conſtancy*, the Gray-hairs of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable*, and moſt deſerving of the *Chriſtian's* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which

which he dayly *Courts*, to make her the *Miſtreſſe* and *Protectreſſe* of his *Soul*, and ſhe it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He ſhowes how *freely* he can goe on in the wayes of *Godlineſſe* without a *Spurre*; and how *baſe* a thing it is and unbecoming his *Quality* to be *driven* into Heaven by *force*. By his *haſt* and *cheerfulneſſe* in his race, he evidences his *ſenſe* of the *Worth* of what he aimes at; And by his *egerneſſe* in the purſuit of *another* world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of thoſe, who would linger out an *eternity* (were it poſſible) amongſt the *Onyons* and *Fleſhpots* of *this Ægypt*. As he was *borne* a *man*, ſo he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Chriſtian*, he leaves this *traſh* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Poſſeſſion durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the names of *Preciſe* and *zealous*, wherewith the *Divell* in the Mouths of his *Diſciples*, thinks to *fright* him out of all *Holineſſe*; as *they* underſtand them, who thus too frequently *abuſe* them. That *Boyſterous* breath which the *prophane* world ſends forth to *deride* and *Croſſe* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilfull* Pilote ſo orders by the right *Compoſing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greateſt *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind* and with any *Name*, where he is ſo ſure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, *a name written in the book of life*, even the *Honour of all his Saints*. He cannot Phancy that to be any *debaſement* of his ſpirit, which carries him out upon ſo *High* and *Noble* atchievements; but thinks it an Happineſſe to goe into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red ſea*, and a rude *Wilderneſſe*, whileſt others (alas) feed ſo greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *ſay grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and bleſſes his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wiſely *eſpouſed*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not proſtitute to *Intereſt* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been conſtrain'd to part with in his purſuit after

it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Humour* and *Interest*, with all he *enjoyes*, and all he *hopes* for here, for his *Religion's* sake, being sure to find them all again hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousy* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to fear, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall.*

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am faine into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt these two, that they seeme to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *same man.* If you desire to have his picture in a lesse Compasse here it is.

The *true Gentleman*, is one that is *God's servant, the World's Master*, and his *own Man.*

His

His *Vertue* is his *Buſineſſe*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentedneſſe* his *reſt*, and *Happineſſe* his *reward*. *God* is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Miſtreſſe*, *Loyalty* and *Juſtice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chaſtity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Buttler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hoſpitallity* his *Houskeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treaſurer*: *Piety* is *Miſtreſſe* of the *Houſe*, and *Diſcretion* the *Porter*, to let *in* and *out* as is moſt fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Maſter* of his *Family*. He is neceſſitated to take the world in his *way* to Heaven, but he walkes *through* it as faſt as he can; and all his buſineſſe by the *way*, is to make himſelfe and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *Man* and a *Chriſtian*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentleman's pardon and Your's, for thus abuſing his name; and preſuming to give you his Character, whoſe excellencies are not to be *Comprehended*, much leſſe *expreſſed*, by any one *leſſe* then himſelfe. I

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *Imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your Command; that you receive it so *Mißhapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the little *experience* and lesse *skill* of the Painter, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as *you* Sir, to find a *true* Gentleman to draw it by: But either he was Constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *Complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, and therefore he hopes he is excusable though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep a shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires, that beside the *weaknesse* of his *eye*, you would consider the *Darknesse* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the ayre; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering* Vices; and so *often* reflected by the *Disfigured* glasses of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so much,

much, as that he is unhappily furniſhed with ſo *many excuſes* to plead for his *Error*. But if any will not be ſatisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledg* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to ſay ſomething more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonſtrate, that the excellent *Originall* he would have *Coppy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at *this* day, in *England*.

SECT. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in England.*

I Need not tell *you* (Sir) who have paid ſo dear for the ſad *changes*, that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein moſt things grow every day *new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wiſh it were as ſeriouſly *Conſider'd* by *themſelves*, as it is well *known* to *moſt*, *rejoyced* at by *ſome*, and ſadly *lamented* by *others*, what a *decreaſe* and *waning* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the laſt yeares; and that not only in the *number* of their *Perſons*, and *largeneſſe* of their *Eſtates*; but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Soules*, and the *greatneſſe* of their *Vertues*. As if it had been a *ſmall* thing for them to live ſo long the *Deſpiſed vaſſels* of their *Hypocriticall Adverſaries*, the good *Maſters* that have ſo long *ruled* us; except they had

had been permitted, by the ſevereſt kind of *Cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themſelves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and deſpicable *ſlaves*, of their own Tyrannicall *Luſts*, and Atheiſticall *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheiſt* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonymous* or at leaſt *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confeſſe, have ſuch hard thoughts of *all*, though I could heartily wiſh, they would rather take ſome pains by their *lives* and *Converſations* to prove this to be an *abſurd*, then *ſtretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it, and *ſwear* it to be a *raſh* and *uncharitable* Cenſure.

Indeed, if on the *one ſide*, in a feigned *ſhow* of Religion to exclaim againſt *Drunkenneſſe* and *Swearing*, and other ſuch like *lowd* and *Open* Prophaneneſſes, will ſuffice to Denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other ſide* to Cry out upon *Hipocricy* and *Injuſtice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledg*, *Lying* and *Perjury*, may be thought ſufficient to conſtitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to ſay for our ſelves, and to prove that moſt of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Christians*. But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficiall sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *Groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then Sathan's *Sunday's Garbe*, or the painted *Maskes* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be *seen* in abroad. These are the *Enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuses get their wealth*. Many who have passed for *Saints* along time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well *paid* for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an Heaven, and meet with his *Crosse* for their pains. And on the *other* hand all those *raveings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocricy* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable* overflowings of a *Devout* Spirit, a *sincere* soul, and a *Loyall* heart; as the wild *outrages* of a *boyling* Passion, of a *Confined* vice, and a *restrained* lust, which makes the sufferer like a *Mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent* motions of a *revengfull* Soul, which *frets* it selfe at the *prosperity*

ſperity of the *wicked*, and had rather ſee it's *enemies miſerable*, then *it ſelfe ſober* and *good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too viſible.

Certainly if the *Gentleman's life* and ordinary *Converſation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the beſt *index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we ſhall have much a doe to meet in moſt of thoſe that own that name, with a *Good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Moſt of them (I am ſure the *younger* ſort) do grudg either of theſe the leaſt place in their *diſcourſe*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as ſoon, nay much ſooner make choiſe of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, ſuch an one would ſpoyl all their *Mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *Malancholy Mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *ſerious* they perfectly *loath* and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at preſent ſuit with their more *ſprightly* and *flouriſhing* yeares: *Age* and

and *ſcarcity* of their *Juvenile* blood, will *hereafter* (they think) make this a buſineſſe of *Courſe*, and ſo they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choiſe*: what need *they* be Religious *now*, who ſhall (as they think) whether they will or no, be ſo *before* they *die?*

If we ſhould but a while take notice how many *Riots*, the *Gentlemen* of our times dayly commit, all thoſe wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely *guilty* of, but *Glory* in; eſpecially when they are at the *Taverne* or ſome other *Good houſe* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we ſhould be readier to *loſe* our *ſelves* in Admiration of their *Madneſſe*, then to *find* out any thing of reall *Honour* and *Nobility* in *them*. To behold them there *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *meaſure* of their *Gallantry* by the *ſtrength* of their *Brains*, or *Capacity* of their *Bellies*: to hear them there drawing up with ſo much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *ſinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophaneneſſes* with their *wine*: whileſt they *drink wine with a ſong* and prove themſelves *mighty to drink ſtrong drink*: To

hear

hear them *roaring* themſelves *out* of *breath*, never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *ſenſes* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* 'till they be able to *ſpeak* no more; would you believe theſe men could ever be ſo *ſober*, as to *mention* the names of *Chriſtian* or *Gentleman?*

And yet 'tis moſt *certain* as well as *ſad*, that you can never be more ſure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at theſe *Academies* of *ſin*, and *Nurſeries* of *uncleanneſſe*, there *exerciſing* their *abilities*, and making themſelves *expert* in all thoſe *arts* whereby they may moſt gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in ſo many open *Bravadoes*, *challenge* the *Almighty* into the *field*, and *dare* him to doe the *worſt* he *can*.

But (alas) we need not ſeek ſo great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have ſo often *loſt* themſelves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it muſt do every *Charitable Chriſtian*, to ſee them ſo deſperately *madded* with the *fear* of being accounted *Holy*; and ſo ravenouſly *greedy* of eternall *deſtruction*, as thus to *ſwallow* it down by whole *Bowles*, and make their Companions *Merry* at the working out of their

their own *Damnation.* Doubtleſſe *Sathan* hath but two much Power over theſe men when they are moſt *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them ſo often *drunk*. Except in a *Gallantry* they deſire to ſhow the world how *boldly* they dare *deſie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to *owe* their *ruine* to *any* but themſelves.

At ſuch *good* places as theſe, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, *entertain* all their *friends*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: here they *Conſult* about the weightieſt affaires of the *Commonwealth*; *Seal* and *Confirme* all their agreements in the very hight of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they ſhould *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were Confident *then* to be in a Capacity of doing all things *beſt*, when they were *leſt* of all themſelves: There can be no *meeting*, at leaſt, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no ſurer pledg of *friendſhip*, or tie of a *Civill Correſpondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at leſt, next dore to it.

And now all this *Madneſſe*, muſt be thought

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *Civillity* and *Courtesy* which they owe one another; a *necessary kindnesse* or an *handsome treatment:* And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to doe as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivill fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup?* What an *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his *whole one?* And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest disrespect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *set off* their drunken *Revels*, then to *grace* the *Worship* and service of their *God:* All must be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *Evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *service* of their *God*, or the *businesse* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to those *Consciences* of their's,

their's, which they now endeavour ſo to *ſilence* and *Drown* both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it ſeems very evident, that even theſe *Gentlemen* themſelves make this *Sottiſh paſſetime* the moſt infallible *marke* of true *Gallantry*: and account him a perſon of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for *their* Company, whoſoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handſomely, and is verſed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Helliſh Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it ſo many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to ſerve out an *Apprenticeſhip* to learne all the *Circumſtances* and *termes*, though he be never ſo perfect in the *Subſtance* before. *Any* perſon how *Contemptible* ſoever ſhall not be thought unworthy of their Company, if he be but the *Maſter* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almoſt ſcorne to own for a *man* when *Sober* and in his *right wits*, when he is *Drunk* or *Mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a Companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudg the poor fellowes the *Honour* of ſuch *Society*, nor indeed can I think it any: But

I am more the *Gentleman's friend*, and more tender of his *reputation* then he himſelfe: I do therefore make it my *prayer*, as it is doubtleſſe much the *griefe* and *trouble* of all *good* men to ſee them otherwiſe at preſent, that they may at laſt become more *charitable* to themſelves, then thus to *debauch* and *unman* their own ſoules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more Civill ſort of our Engliſh Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *ſober* Poſture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to conſider them thus *abſtractedly* from the *higheſt* degree of *Debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the moſt of them, of the moſt delightſome *method* they know, of *ſpending* their *time*, which is ſuch a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *diſeaſe*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his ſide, they run, and ſhift, and throw themſelves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be

rid

rid on't; 'till the *ſad moment* appear wherein they are call'd out of the world, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *deſired*, *vaniſh* together. This *waſting* of their *time*, they eſteem a thing ſo *innocent* in it ſelfe, that they ſeem to apprehend a *Goodneſſe* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *ſinfull* employments, ſhrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Neceſſary Paſſe-times* and *diverſions*. *Cards*, or *Dice*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tediouſneſſe of their *Houres*, ſhall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *Harmeleſſe* and *Honeſt*, but as invented to this good end of *paſſing away* the *time*, things *deſireable* by moſt, and very *Commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In theſe they *merrily* ſpend, both their *Nights* and their *Daies*, their *livelihoods* and the greateſt part of their *lives*; whileſt the poor neglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed ſo much as *halfe an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the Glaſſe of *God's word*, to *dreſſe* her ſelfe for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlemen's Families* shall you come, where they do not ordinarily by *sleeping* out all the *Morning*, make it *night till noone*? They rise from their Beds just so *Early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotions*: When they are thus removed from *Bed* to *Board*, they feed there their *Lusts* better then their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more then their *Soules*. The *table* is the *Altar* where they *Sacrifice* their *Healths* to their *Appetites*, and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuse their meat, by it's *Cost* and *rarity*, not *use* and *wholsomnesse*, and it is too true a Proverb, that *what's farre fetch'd and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus satiated for a while their *lusts*, and gratified the *Delicacy* of their *Pallates*, they must sit out an houre's *Impertinent* and *Idle tattle* to digest their *excesse*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *Nap*, and that prepares them for another *meal*, except the *Taverne* or their *Game* prevent it.

If they chance to hear of some *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Pasquill*, wherein some *honest name* is a sufferer, or where *Chastity* is put to

doe *penance* in an *obſcene ſheet*; any piece of *Drollery*, or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Miſtreſſe*, a *New Romance* or a *Play*, preſently the *Newes* of it is diſpatch'd from one to another, theſe ſhall be *read* and *ponder'd over and over*, and be their Diſcourſe and *Paſſe-time* at every meeting For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good Cauſe to *repent* me afterwards, that I was *not* ſo, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looſeneſſe* of *talk* I *heard* or *ſaw* amongſt them. The *beſt* of their talk at any meeting, is but to aske and impart the *Newes* then ſtirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *Faſhions* of the times; to find fault with their *own* Taylors, or to commend *another's*; to *Droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abuſing each other, but every man moſt of all himſelfe: If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do ſo much) by ſome ſlight *probleme*, make a ſhift to poſe his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has ſufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the imputation of *Ignorance*

norance or *Idleneſſe* for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the *Prime* of our *Gentlemen* pride themſelves in? even *they* whom we are prone to eſteem highly; and ſtile *Civill* and *Ingenious* perſons! what but a little *vain* and *Glittering* Apparell? and hee's the Compleateſt *Gentleman* for the moſt part, who wears the beſt *ſuit*, and ſhines moſt in a *tinſell bravery*. Who is thought the man of the higheſt *inward* accomplishments, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *Cuſtomes* and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is moſt *like* it now there is *none*? He that can tell you how much he is *courted* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that can expreſſe himſelf *modiſhly* in a Complement, that can *ſpeak* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greateſt *grace* along the ſtreets; theſe are the *brave Gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accompliſh'd perſons. Or if you would goe higher yet, then he muſt be the man, that has *laden* his Memory with a few broaken *Ends* and *Chippings* of Hiſtory; or can tell you ſtrange ſtories of the *faſhions* and *Cuſtomes* of *other Nations*,

and tell you where he has been, and what *rarities* he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practice* their *vices*. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholler*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, so farre as to *applaud* and *Censure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like; We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the *Best*: and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongst* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *Discourse*, 'tis much, though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*: All those *other* accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, but not being so (alas) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can onely bestow this *poor* Commendation, that they are more *Gravely wicked*, more *Cautiously sinfull*, and more *Soberly Atheistical*,

eall. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themſelves up in a kind of *Negative Juſtice*; and thereby with thoſe whoſe *perſons* and *eſtates*, they have not *actively* violated or diminiſhed, are eſteem'd perſons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet theſe are no better then the *tamer* ſort of *Sathans* ſervants, whom by a long *uſage* he has made ſomewhat leſſe *wanton*, and brought up to his *hand*; and has taught them to *Cozen* and *Diſſemble* almoſt as well as himſelfe. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the Diſtreſſed *Church* of England, how good *friends and ſervants*, theſe *Good*, *Honeſt*, *Civill*, *Sober* and *prudent* men have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* ſtood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am ſure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and baſe *Connivance*, whileſt *ſhe* has been mercileſly *torne* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of thoſe *ravenous* beaſts, which *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not ſo much as an *Arrow* ſhot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-Corner*, againſt any of them. Whileſt the *Younger Gentlemen* want *true*

Prudence, and the *old* have *too much* of that they *miscall* so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christ's Banner*, and on the behalfe of his *Church*; which truly *now* if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for *want* of *Good Souldiers*. If our English Gentlemen be made to *stay* for, and *expect* their *Honours* till they shall be *knighted* in the *field* for that *Good service* which they have done the *Church* of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear be a *sad* and unwelcome *sword* must *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much reall *Honour*, as may make them *sensible* how they *lose* it. For if they had, could you Imagine it *Possible*, that so many *Horrid Murthers* and *rapines*, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find *faith* enough to believe, should be thus *openly acted* and *frequently vented* even in their *faces*; and not a man so much as *move* his hand to *revenge* what's *past*, or *prevent* what's to *come?* Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base *Compliance* with *those* men who have allwaies struck at the very

very *root* of that *Religion*, which they so *solemnly* (some of them more then once) *swore* to defend, given themselves not onely the *lie*, but the *perjury*? Alas, their *Honours* are so *jaded* by *drawing* after them the *Dung-Carts* of their *estates*, that they now brook any *rider* whatsoever. Had but one *tenth* part of all those *vast* summes of *Money*, and those many excellent *parts*, which these *supposed* Good-husbands, have *prodigally* lavish'd out in the *Taverne* or at their *Game*, been put to that *good* use it might have been, The *Church* might have received her own with *usury*; *England* might yet have had the *face* of *England*, and *they* deserved the *Name* of *Gentlemen*.

§. 3. *An Appeal to the Gentleman's own Conscience.*

For *Confirmation* of all this that hath been said, I shall dare to make my *appeal* to the *Gentleman's Conscience*, though I dare not think it to be one of the *Best*, or most *impartiall* in this case. I heartily wish he could in *earnest* and in *truth* tell me, that whosoever saith *England* has now but *few*

true *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confesse I could almost willingly be *guilty* of the *Sin*, upon condition his *Innocence* would once *prove* me a *liar*.

If he can think it possible to be a true *Gentleman* without any *sense* of true *Honour* or *Religion*; or if he dares call him *Religious* and think him *desirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one *Minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *Charity* to account him *pious*, who suffers his *Soul* to *Starve* for want of *Spirituall* food, and yet can *feast* and *pamper* up his *lusts* every houre: if he can have a true *sense* of *Honour*, who can Phancy himselfe *Happy* in *Sathan's* service, and is oftener upon his *knees* to *him* then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudg* of his *Body*, and his *carnall* appetite the *Mistresse* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *slave* of some *lust* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a *just* estimate upon an *Honest Reputation*, who had rather lie *dabling* in the *Dirt*, and *Wallowing* in the *Mire* of *Sin*, then *walk* in the *pleasant* paths of *Holinesse*; the *high-way* to *Heaven*:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vast estate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *Fine Cloaths*, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines, *wasting* Games, and other such like *expensive* sins, as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* cast into God's *exhausted treasury*, not a *Rag* designed to cover the poor man's *nakedness*: If to behold God's own *peculiar* servants and *Ambassadors* lie starving in the streets for want of some few *morsells* or *Crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudg not by whole *loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to see God's *House* all on *fire*, occasion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming passions*; and God's *children* frying in the midst of the flame, and yet not so much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or stretch out an *arme* to *save* the *other*: if any man can judg these things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *sit still* all the day *Idle*, and *laugh* at those who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gaudy* attendants, and to *shine* a while there in a little *garish* pomp; if to sit in the *highest* pue, and to make this the chiefe part of their *Devotion* (without so much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord I thank thee*) that they are *better then other men*; if to justle a *poor* neighbour out of their presence, with a *stand off*, *for I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *scoffe* at all those who make any *show* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all those who think it necessary to have *more* then a *show*, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet *more* then *enow* such *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourn* in *secret*, and in *sadnesse* of *Spirit*, *sigh* out the rest unto my *God*, then proceed at present any further in so *unpleasant* a theme. O that the spilt *blood* of Christ's poor languishing *spouse*, cry not too loud in *Heaven* at the *last* day, not onely against those *bloody* souls, who have most *barbarously* thrust their *spears* into her side, and with *inhumane* hands *torne* out her very *Bowels*; but even against all *those* too who could have a *Calme* upon their *Spirits*, whilest the *tempest* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it prudence to sit still, and not come forth to the help of God's *spouse* and his *anointed* one against the *Mighty*; and therefore onely because they appeared

peared *Mighty*. My prayers are, that an *Early*, and an *Active* repentance, may *seasonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *understanding* of their own *names*, may make them before it be too late, truly *sensible* of their *duties*, and in earnest endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been too remisse hitherto in preserving *spotlesse*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentleman's* soule; and the highest *respect* I can conceive any man owes to his *person*, is to wish that *part* of him *best*, which *he* seems to reguard *least*. I would to God he could *once*, though *late* have so great a Charity and respect for himselfe, that so he might not one day be found, with *weeping, and wailing, and Gnashing of teeth*, crying out upon himselfe with no lesse *reason*, then *despair* and *Horrour*, even as that *once-glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *sins* have in so large a measure Contributed, cries out upon him now with *sorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not shown himselfe all along so *stupidly* senseleſſe of, and *Brutishly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions of Joseph*, I might have had the *Charity*, to think him capable of *Councell* and *advice*, and to wish him

him *one* better able then *my ſelfe* to ſerve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of thoſe *Conſiderations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtleſſe) if he have not quite *forgot* himſelfe, muſt needs ſink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it now he is at ſuch a *diſtance*, to *returne* to himſelfe.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious, and firſt of Common Civility.*

To perſwade the *Gentleman* to be *good*, a man would think were no *hard* taske, ſeeing he takes it ſo ill out, that any man ſhould *ſuſpect* him to be *otherwiſe*: and yet notwithſtanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it ſhall be conſider'd how much he is in *love* with his *preſent* ſelfe; for as *ſelfe-love* is *blind* whenſoever it ſhould look upon it's own *faults*; ſo is it altogether as *deaf* when it ſhould hearken to *inſtruction*. Yet becauſe the *Difficulty* lies not ſo much in making him *underſtand* what he *ſhould* be, as in making

king him *see* how much he is at present what he *ought not* to be; for that he ought to be *good* and *Religious*, I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not so* allready we shall have much adoe to persuade him to *believe*: Seeing *one* halfe of our work is already done to our hand in his own *Conscience*, we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind: I am Confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his own *shape*, at least in one so *like* it, that the very *sight* must of necessity begete in him an *hatred* of the *old* object and a *love* to the *New*: and therefore at present I shall confidently suppose, that I have no more to doe but this, to let him see in some measure how *rationall* a thing it is for him to be, what he himselfe so well *knowes*, he should bee.

I intend not here to trouble you or him with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would swell up this Discourse much above the *just* proportion of a *Letter*, neither is it my purpose to call in all those *Auxiliaries* I might from severall *Common-places* be supplied withall, to compleat my

conquest

conqueſt over the *Gentleman's Affections*; I ſhall only mention *one* or *two* of thoſe *motives* which I hope *may* be, I am ſure in another *would* infallibly be prevalent and Effectuall.

The *firſt* and *ſlighteſt* which I ſhall here moſt humbly offer to his ſerious Conſideration, is an argument which he too often makes uſe of to a *worſe* purpoſe, and thereby ſuffers his *ſenſuall* to gain the *victory* over his *Spirituall* ſelfe. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *ſuitable returnes* to thoſe many *reall kindneſſes* and reſpects which the *beſt* of his *friends* have ever had for him. I ſhall beſeech him to remember, how whenſoever he is by the ſwing of his own *dominering luſts*, no leſſe then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawn to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *exceſſe* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himſelfe for Sanctuary; that he was meerly *drawn in* by the *Civility* of others, and that he was not able to reſiſt the *Importunity* of his *friends*; that *Common Courteſy* did ſtrongly oblige him, not to ſhow himſelfe *reguardleſſe* of his *acquaintance*,

quaintance, by forſaking *their Company* who had expreſſed themſelves ſo *deſirous*, and had taken ſo much pains to enjoy *his*. I wiſh he would but call to mind what weight this argument hath when preſſed upon him by his *lewdeſt* companions, and aſſiſted by his own forward *Inclinations* to that which is *evill*; and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made uſe of by ſuch as *really* deſire his *happineſſe*, and applied to that which in it ſelfe is ſo deſervedly *Commendable?*

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *reall friends* might he hear, and thoſe ſuch whoſe *Courteous Invitations* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuſe, every where with no ſmall *importunity wooing* him into *Heaven*, and to *walk* along with *them* in thoſe *paths* which will lead him thereunto. I might here tell him how heartily *God himſelfe* calls and *Invites* him, and daily ſends abroad his *Meſſengers* early and late to *beg* and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *Invitation*; how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feaſt of Fat things*, and to *drink wine and milk without*

Money

Money and without price: How he ſtands with his armes of mercy *ſpread* wide open, to *receive*, *embrace*, and *kiſſe* his returning *Prodigalls*, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, nay with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome them. Can it now be judged *Civility* to refuſe and *ſlight* the *Invitation* of ſo *Bountifull* and *Indulgent* a *father*? I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even *long* for his Company, and will be *overjoy'd* to ſee him, and to hear him exerciſing that *voice* ſo long abuſed in *warbling* out his laſcivious *Love-ſongs*, or *roaring* it in his wild *Catches*, by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire*, in perpetuall *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it *Civility* to make void the *Hopes*, and prevent the *joyes* of ſuch *Heavenly Company*. I might further mind him how the poor *Church* of *England* his *mother*, *longs* to receive him *again* with joy into her *Boſome*, and to *kiſſe* him with the *kiſſes* of her *Love*, and to uncover to him her *breaſts* of *Conſolation*, whence he needs not draw the *Wind* of *Falſe Doctrine*, nor fear to taſt the *blood* of *Tyranny* and *Oppreſſion*, but may *ſuck* in that *ſincere milk* which is his ſouls only true *nouriſhment*: *She* whoſe *tender care*

and

and *wholſome inſtructions*, like an *unwiſe* child he hath ſo long *deſpiſed*, longs yet once again to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of ſo *Glorious* a Son, which might not onely *cheriſh* and *defend*, but *grace* and *Credit* his mother: And can he call it leſſe then an *Incivility*, to envy *Her* this *Honour*, which wiſheth *him* that *happineſſe*? can he chuſe rather to augment her *Sorrowes*, and provoke her *teares*, and bite her *breaſts*, and ſuck out her *blood*, then *cheriſh* her and be *nouriſh'd* by her? All the *Good men* in the World, all the moſt *Honourable* of God's ſervants, his ſpeciall *Ambaſſadours*, doe with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *moveingneſſe* of *Paſſion*, *cry aloud*, calling upon him, and beſeeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Father's houſe*; theſe who have had the high *charity* for him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch for his ſoule*, and muſt be *accountable* for it at the *Great* and *Dreadfull Audite*: Upon *Him* they look with a more *vigilant* and *tender* eye, as upon the very *Beſt* and *faireſt* of the flock, whoſe *ſtraying* would be not onely the *loſſe* of *one*, and *him* the *fatteſt* and *chiefe* of all the *reſt*, but *ſuch*

an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably *occaſion* the *looſing* of *many* more: Theſe *perſwade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Chriſt's ſake*, for *his* who *loved* him *ſo* well, that he did not grudg to *purchaſe* him with the *beſt* treaſure in Heaven, his own moſt *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman* who pretends ſo highly to all manner of *Civility*, think it leſſe then an *unworthineſſe* in him, to ſet ſo light by all this *Care*, and this *kindneſſe*? He that would be thought *all Courteſy*, *all Civility*, O let him not *now* onely be *unkind* and *diſcourteous*, to his *God*, and *God's Church*, *God's Angels*, and *God's Miniſters*, unto *God's Son* and *his Saviour*. He that expreſſed ſo remarkable a *kindneſſe* to a *falſe friend*, who is moſt certainly the *greateſt* and moſt *Dangerous* of all *enemies*, to him who was only ſet by the *Devill* in a *friend's habit* to *Decoy* him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *ſoul*; let him not now for *ſhame* be ſo *unnaturall* to *himſelfe*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to ſlight thoſe *reall* and *ſincere friends*, who make it the greateſt part of their *ſtudy* to *ſave* him from *eternall torments*: He that would not be *bought* out

of

of his *Civility*, though but to a *ſin*, and *ſinner*, by the *high price* of an *Heaven* and *eternity*; ſhall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer ſo many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and it's *Endleſſe torments*? Certainly, if any *Importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*; what muſt it *now* doe? never ſo *great*, never back'd with ſo many *obligations* to *Civillity* as here; for where ever did there appear ſo *much* and ſo *earneſt wooing*, and *Intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*?

Again, In civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he ſhould labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*; he is her *Hopes*, and he ſhould be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choiſe Treaſure*, her *ſtrongeſt Pillar*, her *potent Protector*; and ſhall he not think it *baſe* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detect* her too *charitable Errour*, by *neglecting* to *deſerve* and *maintain* his *name*? Shall it be to his *Honour* when he ſhall hear it ſaid by others, that the *Pretious ſtones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*; that all her *pureſt Gold* is full of *Droſſe*; her *beſt Pillars* quite *rotten*; and her *Guardians*

her principall *underminers* and *destroyers?* that with the *least wind* that blowes, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles?*

The Gentleman is that great and faire *White*, at which all men *aime* and *direct* the *Best* of their *Respects*; and on whom they think the *greatest* of their *Honours* not *misplaced:* And is this his *Civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *Neglect*, and *Disgrace*, and too often with *misery* and *Ruine* to themselves? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentleman's *Civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse?*

§. 5. *A second Motive grounded upon Shame and Disgrace.*

The *next* thing which I shall propose to his Consideration, is *that* which usually has *no* powerfull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurres, being *another* of those *Fig-leaves*,

leaves, wherewith he would fain hide his moſt *foul* and *deformed Vices*: He had rather throw himſelfe headlong into the *groſſeſt* ſin Imaginable, then by *chuſeing* what is *beſt*, but *out* of *faſhion* with the *Multitude*, expoſe himſelfe to the *laughter* of *fools* and *Sinners*. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *Jeer'd* and *Mock'd*, and *Hooted* at by a Company of *Mad-men*, for behaving himſelfe with more *ſobriety* and *wiſdome* then they?

Here I ſhall moſt earneſtly beſeech the *Gentleman* to Conſider, how miſerably he *befools* himſelfe, and how inconſiderately he *runs* himſelfe upon thoſe *rocks* he endeavours ſo carefully to *avoid*; whileſt *nothing* can lay him more open to *ſhame*, then that which was the firſt *parent* of it, his *ſinne*: which makes him a meer *Laughing-ſtock* to all but thoſe that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the onely *Fountaine* of all *true Honour* here, as well as *Happineſſe* hereafter, to *Laugh at him and have him in Deriſion* Will it be no *ſhame* for him to be found, at laſt, one of thoſe *wretched* and *Contemptible* Creatures, which ſhall have the door *ſhut* upon

them, and be forced to *ſtand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *ſighs* and *tears*, and like ſo many miſerable ſtarving *beggars* in *bitterneſſe* of ſpirit, *craving* admiſſion, and yet for all their ſelfe-conceited *Greatneſſe*, be vouchſafed no more reſpectfull an anſwer, then a—*Depart ye curſed*, and—*Be gone I know you not*. What *ſhame* and *Diſgrace* can the *Gentleman* fear to ſuffer like *this*, when *he* who *pranced* it up and down with no leſſe *ſecurity* then *Pride* and *vanity*, and *laugh'd* to ſee others take ſo much *pains* to goe to *Heaven*, ſhall even *then*, *when* he thinks himſelfe ſo *ſure* of all, meet with a *Scornfull repulſe?*

But if the Gentleman will venture *this Diſgrace*, becauſe he phancies it to be yet at ſo great a *diſtance*; yet I muſt tell him he is much miſtaken to think he ſhall ſpeed much better here *below*. Is it no *ſhame*, to be *juſtly* accounted by all, who underſtand *themſelves*, a *poor*, *ſilly*, *ignorant fool*, ſuch an one as can pleaſe himſelfe with a *toy*, a *rattle*, and can think himſelfe the *onely wiſe man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wiſe indeed*, look upon him and *Pitty* him, as the moſt *ſilly*, *deſpicable wretch* under Heaven?

ven? It is thus men commonly make triall of the *Fool's Genius*, they propose at once to his *choise*, a piece of *painted Glasse* and a *Diamond*, a *Feather* and a *suit of Cloaths*; that so by *preferring* the *gayer toy*, before the *pretious* or the *serviceable substance*, he may *betray* his *Ignorance* and *Simplicity*. Alas, Sir, what can we judg the *Debauched Gentleman* to be *better* or *Wiser*, then such a silly Deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer *Naturall*, that *sports* himselfe with his own *shadow* and places his *Happinesse* in *Dancing* about in his *party-colour'd Coat*, his *Cap* and his *Feather*? Did the *Gentleman* but know his *friends*, or durst he be so much his *own*, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who *Cover* his *eyes* and *stop* his *Eares*, so that he neither *sees* nor *hears* of himselfe, what otherwise he might; how soon would he grow *ashamed* of his own *face*! Did he but know how even all *they*, whose *tongues* are *bridled* either by his *power* or *Prodigality* in his *presence*, *talke* of him when they are *out* of it, at their severall *meetings*, doubtlesse this would bring him *out* of *love* with his own *Gayety*, and *Prettinesse*. The *Stoick* talkes of him with *Contempt* and *Derision*; the *Charitable*

Christian with as much *Pitty* and *Compassion*; and what a *shame* is it for the *Gentleman* who alwaies thinks himselfe both the *Best* and *Happiest* man in the world, either to *deserve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet reguard nothing of all this, but Contents himselfe with this *Phancy* that *he* can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much: Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for these *thoughts!* whileſt like a man in an high *Fever*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *Distemper*, and in the *Lightnesse* of his *head*, Phancies he is amongst *Angels*, and in as *Glorious* a Condition as they. Let him consider how great a *shame* even *this* is, to say, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *knowes not what*: *Others* know (alas *too well*) what in *him* they *pitty*: They have, most of them, some time or other, *tasted* of his *sweets* to their *sorrow*, but found them at last *bitter* to their *present joy* and *Comfort*; Let *him* then first *taste* of *their's*, and then let him *chuse*, whom he will make the *Object* of his *Pitty*. I am Confident he would in the *first* place be thus *Charitable* to *himselfe*.

But

But this is not all the reason the *Gentleman* hath to be *ashamed* of his present course of life. Is it not a *disgrace* for a man *therein* to be *cheated wherein* he hath ever thought himself to be the *wisest* of all men; and to have such *tricks* put upon him, by what he most *Confides in*, as will cast a *damp* upon all his *Jollity* at *once*? There's no man but will confesse it an *high* degree of *indiscretion* in himselfe without a very *strong temptation* indeed, to place his great *Confidence*, and best *Affections* upon a *meer cheat*: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we speak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *Folly*. He may assure himselfe, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same *cheat* upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his *wise Brother* in the *Gospel*; whom in *that very night*, when he *Lullaby'd* his soul into a groundlesse *security*, by presenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*; he suddenly snatches away into the place of Torments, and makes this *addition* to the *rest* of his *Sorrowes*, that he *derides* his former *security*, and *laughs* at his present *misery*. But this is too *Common* and *Copious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to mention

mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perswade* him to *sin*, then this *fear* of *shame* and *Disgrace*; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his *ruine*, I hope, rightly apprehended, it *may* have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§. 6. *A third Motive drawn from Æquity.*

I shall but propose two *Considerations* more, and these are such, as much concern the *Gentleman* to entertain, viz: of *Æquity* and *Honour*.

And *first*, in all *æquity* and *justice* the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude*, to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just *requitall* of his *Goodnesse* who made *him* more *Honourable* then *others*. For it was not *he himselfe* by whom he was made *better then another man*, neither hath *he any thing which he hath not received*. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* substance, to *suck* in *all* which

which is proffer'd it, but to *return nothing* again without a *Squeezing:* Or like a black and heavy *clod* of earth, to receive the moſt *Courteous* and *enlivening rayes* of Heaven, and yet requite the *Bounty* neither by a *preſent cheerfull reflection*, nor a *future ſeaſonable fructification:* neither yet to lie like a rotten *Dunghill*, which repaies all the ſweet *Influence* it participates of, in a *ſtenchy* fume, or a *generation of Vermine*. He ſhould rather labour to reſemble the true *Chriſt all*, whoſe property it is either to *tranſmit* or *reflect* thoſe rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *viſible ſplendor* and *Glory* to the *light* it ſelfe. A true *Diamond* will not ceaſe to *ſparkle* in the *darkeſt* night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his works* rather then his *perſon* (as the *Sun* gives us a *clearer* proſpect of the *other parts* of the world, then of it's *own Body*) and teach them much more to *Glorify his God in Heaven*, then to pay *him* a *Reverence* upon *Earth*. The *Gold* was not made ſo *excellent* a Mettall, that it might lie *hid* and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a reception

tion of the *Prince's* Image, *administer* to the *Neceſſities* of Commerce amongſt the *ſeverall* members of the world. It would be a poor thing to Imagine God ſhould make the *beſt* of *Creatures* for the *worſt* of uſes; or the *Nobleſt* of *Men* to be *Sathans Inſtruments* now, his *Companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentleman I know will eaſily grant himſelfe to be a *Veſſell* created for *Honour*; but 'tis ſtrange he ſhould goe about to prove himſelfe ſo, by continuing alwaies *Empty*, or refuſing to hold any thing, but the *worſt* of *poyſons*: by ſtanding (as ſome of thoſe do which coſt moſt *pains* in the *making*, moſt *mony* in *procuring*, moſt *time* in *ſcouring*) *idle* and *uſeleſſe*, onely to adorne and grace the *Cup-board*, and *ſhine* there, 'till they become *Duſty* again. As *all Fleſh is Graſſe*, ſo is the *Gentleman* the *Flower of the Graſſe*; but let it not appear in *this*, that the *graſſe* is more *uſefull*, though the *flower* more *beutifull*; neither let the *leafe* ſmell *ſweeter* then the *Roſe*. Though all *Mankind* be but *Duſt* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reaſon think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Richeſt ſoyle*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gardener* may juſtly expect

pect both the *faireſt flowers* and *fulleſt Crop*, as from that ground which in *it ſelfe* is *fatteſt*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring* whereof, has been ſpent both the moſt *money* and the moſt *ſweat*. Farre be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do ſometimes our moſt *fertile* fields) onely the *Proudeſt ground*, ſuch as ſwaggers it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatters the eye with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but ſuch as are neither for *uſe* themſelves, nor will ſuffer the good *Corne* to *thrive* and *grow* 'till it may be ſo. The *Gentleman*, I am ſure, would be troubled to be *thus* requited for his *Care* and pains by his *field*, and ſhall not *God* be juſtly *angry* for the *like* bad uſage from the *Gentleman*? Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *largeſt wage*, who doth the *leaſt work*, or think he can *merit* the moſt *Honourable* reward, by *ſtanding all the day Idle*; nay for hindering and *Deterring* others who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greateſt *loyterer*, and moſt *Careleſſe ſervant* in the whole *Family*? And is it fit the *Heire* ſhould be the meereſt *Prodigall*? I am Confident the *Gentleman* would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* so and is it not then as great an *injustice* to *be so*? I should not have *breath* enough to enumerate *halfe* those many *Honours* and *Dignities*, those severall *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments* and *Possessions* which the *Gentleman* is blest with above his *poorer* Brethren, and can we think all these, not *encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *Idler* then others?

The *Gentleman* is apt to boast himselfe much of his *Noble Ancestors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men should expect from that *tree* the *best fruit*, which hath the *Noblest root*? Men do not of *Thistles expect grapes*, *nor of Brambles Figs*; but even of the *wild Olive tree* when but *grafted* into the *true Olive tree*, God expects the *Naturall fruit*. That *Noble* person who *Adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he should henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The Gentleman will pull his *Cock's* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*; and why should his *God* use *him better*?

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The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *Breeding*, and Ingenuous *Education*; and certainly it is the greateſt *happineſſe* which can ſo *early* betide him, that uſually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often *more* carefull of *his* ſoul, then of *their own*: who howſoever they live *themſelves*, yet will be ſure to reprove the *leaſt vice* in the *Child*, and it is a very ordinary *forme* of *bleſſing* him, to pray he may be a *better man then his Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horſe* or *Spaniel*, to behave himſelfe *hereafter*, as he has been *taught* when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* diſpoſitions are *flatted* and *loſt*, how many *Ingenious* ſpirits are *dull'd* and *beſotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and loſe their *Edg*, by being put to *Delve* in the *Earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enſlaved*, by the *Tyranny* of *Poverty* and an *Adverſe Fortune*; whilſt they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Culsivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of Excellency and *fruitfulneſſe*? How much *good* and *tractable* earth has been

loſt

loſt meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or *ſpoiled* upon the *wheel* of one *unskilfull*? Whileſt the *Gentleman* has all the aid and aſſiſtance that *Prudent Parents'* or a *rich purſe* can afford him; and ſhall he, whom God has thus bleſſed with that which may procure him as well what's *Beſt* as what's *Neceſſary*, grow more *Barren* under all this care and *Good-husbandry*, which is beſtow'd upon him? Shall he like a *ſtubborne* and unwieldly *branch*, ſo ſoon as ever he is from under the wiſe *hand* which would have *pruin'd* and *ſtraighted* him, *ſtart back* into his *Naturall rudeneſſe*, and *Deformity* again? Shall he be like the *Viall* or *Watch*, *one* whereof will onely continue it's *even* and *Certain* motion, ſo long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its ſweet *ſound* no longer then the *Muſician's hand* provokes and *beats* it; but ſo ſoon as the *hand reſts*, the *Motion* and the *Muſick* ceaſes, and in a ſhort time, the *ſtrings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble* Inſtrument growes *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not moſt *unnaturall*, that he who has all theſe great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vain*, and he himſelfe too often

when

when it is *too late*, *wish* to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that *care* and *cost*, not quite *thrown away* and *misspent?* And yet much more, that he should only so behave himselfe, as one that knowes how readily to *forget*, whatever had cost him so much *time*, and *pains*, and *Money* in acquiring; and one that can now make *that* a part of his *glory*, *which* indeed is no small argument of *shame*, that he *once had* a little learning, and *Might have been* a *Christian*, had he not had *wit* enough to *befool* himselfe, and so become a *Gentleman*. It troubles me to *say* that very many of our *English Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*, I wish it troubled him as much to *doe so*.

Again, it were but *just*, our *Gentlemen* should think upon their *large portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and so take the *Measure* of their *Duties*, by their *liberall allowances*. To *have* an estate makes no man *Happy*, but to *use* an estate *wisely* may bring a man very *farre* on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the *Gentleman*, what is recorded to the perpetuall dishonour of the *Young*

Man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he *departed* from *Christ* becauſe he was *very rich.* It is certainly a miſtake in any man, to think, a man's *ſoul* may no way *feed* and grow *fat*, upon his *wealth*: or to ſay a man may not become a *Better man*, by having *greater poſſeſſions. Wiſedome's ſeven Pillars* are moſt readily *erected*, and firmly *grounded* upon a *Baſis* of *Gold:* And *Vertue* cannot there have the *beſt fair*, and *thrive* moſt, though ſhe may have a *kind welcome*, where *Poverty* keeps the houſe. Though the *treaſures* of *Wiſdome* and *knowledg* lie not in the *Chiſt*, yet are they for the moſt part ſo *lock'd* up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, muſt not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live *Quietly* and *Contentedly* under a *thatch'd* roof, and may meet with ſuch entertainment as may preſerve *life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Priſon*, and ſhall hardly obtain the *Liberty* to walk much *abroad* except there be ſomething in the *purſe* to purchaſe their *freedome*: Without this they may have what fetter'd *Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very ſeldome their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor man's ſoul*, or the *Poor man* the *Rich Gentleman's purſe*? What a ſhame is it, that he whom God hath bleſſed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, ſhould rather chuſe to lay it out upon an *Hobby-Horſe*; that he ſhould ſuffer either *Himſelfe* to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Beggar*, when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to doe with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and ſhe knowes how to make uſe of his *wealth*. What an *ungratefull* fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donor's* will, nor make uſe of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *rayment* literally of *wrought Gold*, how might the *Poore* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *Good* and *Happy*, did the *Gentleman* ſtudy to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the Raunting *Prodigall* waſte his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *fooliſh ſervant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or *hide* it in the

Earth of a *Worldly* mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the *Gentleman* in *equity* is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no leſſe in *Goodneſſe* then in *Wealth* and *Pomp*. I mean an *Immunity* from the *Drudgeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both ſeem to conſent in granting him a *Diſpenſation* from thoſe *Brick-kilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* Cruelty of a *Neceſſitous* Condition, many a better *Iſraelite* is ſentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor *waſhes* his face, and *Bathes* his body in his own *ſweat*; nor *lives*, as other men are often conſtrain'd to doe, almoſt by a *wearineſſe* of *living*: But ſeems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adam's* Curſe, whereby he was condemned *in the ſweat of his Browes to eat his bread*. Whileſt many others by their continuall *labour*, ſeem from meal to meal to *kneed* their *own* dough; and *other* men's too; and, like the poor *Iſraelites*, when driven out of *Ægypt*, to run up and down with their *kneeding-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *livelihoods* to and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toileſome* improvement of the *Gentleman's* vaſt eſtate,

pick

pick up for themſelves a very ſcant ſubſiſtence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *ſweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a ſtrong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other?* Ought not this to bind him to the ready ſervice of his *God*, who has made the whole *world* in a manner to ſerve *him?* Certainly he never had a generall *Diſpenſation* granted him from all *labour*, but onely from the more *ſlaviſh* and *drudging* part of it; that the leſſe he has to care for beſides, the more time he ſhould have to care for his *ſoul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adam's* growing *wanton* in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it ſelfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation* not his *toyl*, which ſent him firſt abroad to *ſweat* in the *World*, and to wage a Conſtant *warre* with *Bryars* and *Thiſtles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take ſome pains to dreſſe the *Garden* of his Soul, when all the world ſeems to be ſo much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *Eſtate*, he can expect no leſſe then to be driven out at laſt with a *flaming ſword* to ſeek a

Miſerable *killing* livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truly ſenſible of his extraordinary *priviledges* he enjoyes, more then the reſt of his *labouring* brethren doe, in this *one* particular, doubtleſſe we ſhould ſee him more *thankfull*, and leſſe *Idle*; for though *leiſure* be a very great *bleſſing* yet is *laxineſſe* a meer *Canker*, which will in a ſhort time, if not ſeaſonably cured, *eat* out both *Purſe* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing *good*, into *encouragements* to *ſinne*, nor the *Means* of *Happineſſe*, into the *Inſtruments* of *Miſery*.

O what an ineſtimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learn much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul ſo *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* ſpirit, which could never yet obtain one ſmile from *fortune*, but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and toſſed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *buſineſſe* and more *ſufferings*, what would it not give to be bleſt with ſuch a *Sun-ſhine*, and to have ſo long a *vacation* from the *world* and it's *ſorrowes*? None of thoſe *diſtracti-*

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ons which come from the affairs of the vorld without him, which with ſo much egerneſſe and irreſiſtable Importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *haile* away many a good ſoul from his *Study* and *devotion*, need to be ſo much as *hearkn'd* to by the *Gentleman*; vho if he would but underſtand, the *eaſy* diſtinction, betwixt being *carefull* and being *buſy*, betwixt *Idleneſſe* and *leiſure*, we ſhould find him betaking himſelfe to another and more cheerfull courſe of life, having *much* time to *uſe*, but *none* to *loſe*.

And ſuppoſe you ſhould ask the *Gentleman* this queſtion, and wiſh him to anſwer it according to *Conſcience*—Whether, if he had a ſervant whom he had deſigned for ſome more *honourable* and *extraordinary* empoyment; and to this end, had exempted him from all *Common* buſineſſe and works proper to an *Inferiour* calling; and not only ſo, but furniſh'd him alſo, with whatever he could ſuppoſe *inſtrumentall* to his work; and for his better incouragement had given him a conſiderable ſumme of *Mony* beforehand; if after all this, this ſervant ſhould neglect *this* buſineſſe, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *ſmall*

concernment, or in meer *Idleneſſe*, goe and *ſpend* his allowance, and *waſte* his Maſter's mony in *Bad Company*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelfe *ſlighted* and *abuſed*, and for a reward, turne that ſervant *out* of *doores* or *into Priſon?* And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelfe up with faire *hopes*; his *charge* I am ſure is as *great*, his *care* much *leſſe*, and therefore his *caſe* can be no *better*.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the *Gentleman's* fair *opportunity*, not only of doing good to *himſelfe*, but *others* alſo: and ſuch an *Opportunity* it is, as is indeed a *Neceſſity* of doing either much *good*, or much *hurt* by his *Example*. For the *Gentleman* ſtands upon the top of an *Hil*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an *height*, is thereby made ſo *Conſpicuous* to the eye of the world, that his actions have an influence upon the Inhabitants of the *vales* round about him. His *Tenents* muſt for *fear Flatter* him, and many *others* will for his *favour humour* him, and there be yet *more*, who have an *Ambition* to

be

be *like* him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his *own* lustre and brightnesse is obscured and hid, but his rayes are withheld from the *world* below, and a *Malignant Influence* scatter'd abroad upon *Inferior* Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a *Gentleman* to be bad *alone*; I dare say, his heart will bear witnesse, that he owes not a few of his own sins to the powerfull *Example* of his *superiours*; and that he has very often resisted the more *sober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his *own* soul, and the more *rationall* dictates of his *own* judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himselfe Company for *great ones*; and because he was *ashamed* to be found *lesse* then a *Gentleman* in *any* thing, though in *Sin* it selfe. Let him therefore consider how much it will Concerne him, who is the true *Loadstone* of the *Nation*, whose *Motion* the poor *Iron soules* of the multitude with trembling *expect*, and perceiving *follow*, to turne himselfe alwaies to the *right Pole*. I wish the *Gentlemen* of our Island would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in *themselves*, but *unjust* to their *Neighbours*: that so

ſo they may ſee how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perſwade the *Gentleman* to turne his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aime* at moſt; his *Honour* or *Reputation*; things (If you'l believe him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *life*; but let us ſee how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes to pains to *preſerve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* perſon, is a great care in him, never to doe any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *ſhame* and *diſparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *baſe* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at firſt *raiſed*, ſo he ſtudies to maintain it at that *height*, by ſome *noble* and *Gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have ſaid before) is willing to *degrade* himſelfe into a *Beaſt*, and to *trample* upon

upon his *Dignity* and *humanity* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the moſt *galling Yoak* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneeles* him down to receive ſo many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who ſcornes not to *drudg* for the *Worſt* and *Baſeſt* of Maſters, and that in his *meaneſt* and moſt *Beggarly* ſervice, when he ſends him out (with the *Young Prodigall*) into the *field* of Carnall pleaſures, there to *feed* a few *ſwiniſh* luſts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *ſlendereſt* reward here, a few deceitfull *Huſks*, and in dayly fear and expectation of the moſt dreadfull *puniſhment* hereafter, that of *Endleſſe torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be ſure not to mix with any *Company*, but ſuch, from whom he may reap both *Credit* and *profit*; ſuch as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progreſſe*, nor *blemiſh* to his deſired *Reputation*. But alas how little do thoſe *Gentlemen* reguard either of theſe, who indeed care for no *Companions* but ſuch as have made themſelves altogether the *Creatures* of their *vices*, and the neereſt *Pandors* of their *Luſts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

waies most *faithfull* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promises*, and showeth himselfe to be as *Good* as his *word*, esteeming no *disgrace* like that of *deserving* the *Lie*. Every *promise* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to secure the *performance*; and looks upon no *disrespect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be *trusted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* support of their *Credit*; who *swear* so frequently to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot possibly so much as *remember*, much lesse *discharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. These upon every *slight* or *no* occasion they send out in such *Volleyes*, and with so much *Inconsideration* and *temerity*, that they cannot have time to Consider whether one halfe of what they swear be *true* or *false*. Nay there is one solemne *Vow*, and that the most *sacred* one that ever they made, and to a *person* with whom it most Concernes them to be punctuall and deal faithfully, I mean that at their *Baptisme*; which, alas, they so well *performe*, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *believe* there was any *such thing* done by them:

them: Was it not *this* that then they promiſed, to *Forſake the Divell and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, with all the Covetous deſires of the ſame, and all the Carnall deſires of the fleſh, ſo that they would neither follow nor be lead by them?* In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not ſerve the turne, but they brought their *ſureties* and *Bondmen*, who promiſed (as much as in them lay) to ſee all made good. I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all thoſe perſons who would be thought *ſo* ſenſible of *Honour*, that their bare *word* might at any time ſerve for their *Bond*. What they vow'd to *forſake*, they with all earneſtneſſe *follow*, and that whereby they would not be *led*, they ſweat to *Outgoe*. Hugging and embracing thoſe *temptations* they promiſed to abandon, and making the *Vaine Pomp and Glory of the World* the onely *Gods* they dare *love* and *adore*. If the *Gentleman* be thus careleſſe in maintaining his *Credit*, thus falſe in his *promiſes* to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it ſtrange, if others be ſo ſcrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare *word*.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd soe; Will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon *his* shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of *his Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddinesse* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightnesse* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard *reel* and *staggar*, we all know it is the *Giddinesse* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would daily consider their office; and how much of the *Craziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsetledness of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to say

ſay (as now many are apt to doe) that the ſad *diſeaſe* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh *Cough'd* out it's very heart, proceeded from a *cold* it has taken in the *Nobleſt* members of its *Body*: and that indeed is *Atheiſme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deſerve* that *honour*, they ſo egerly *deſire*, let them learn to *be* and *Act* like *themſelves*, ſo ſhall they aſſure themſelves of true *Honour* both before *God* and amongſt *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appeare to the World, that they have yet ſomething of a *Noble* and *Generous Spirit* within their breaſts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in deſpight of *Atheiſme* and *Blaſphemy*, and ſtand up for his *Church* in oppoſition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledg*: that they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Souls* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *Grave*; nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatning *breath* of thoſe that can but *ſeem* mighty. Let it once be ſeen that they have eſpouſed a *Religion* which has a *Majeſty* enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezar* with the hotteſt *furnace* in his *Mouth*: and an *Holy zeal*, which

which (as the Brighter *Sun beams* doe upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and *Consume* to nothing, the most scorching *flames* of *Persecution*. When they have learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by the *Jawes*, and pull out his teeth; when they can (with the stout Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliah* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appeares with the *Weaver's Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the Courage, to *slight* and *pitty* all the *Cursing Shimeahs* and *railing Rabshakahs* of the land; to scorne the Barkings of *reproach*; and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Poverty*; when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their *lesse* lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be *good* without *fear* of *Shame* or *Want*, and *Religiously Loyall* without dreading either *Beggary* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without *stain* or *Blemish*; and *Names venerable* in the Mouthes of all men: then shall they set their *feet* upon the *Necks* of the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants shall bow down* under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the People: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *Bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life* and *Happineſſe*; Then ſhall they be *fear'd* by their *enemies*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They ſhall have the *Motherly Bleſſing* of the *Church*, the joyfull welcome and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the Bountifull *reward* and *Euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a Glorious *Robe*, an immarceſſible *Crown*, a perpetuall *kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints.*

I am really *aſhamed*, and heartily *ſorry*, that either the *Gentleman's* unnaturall Behaviour, that ſtrange *Meander* of all vices, or the ſad and deplorable condition of this poore *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, he ought to ſhow a more *filial* reſpect and Affection, have provoked me to this unuſuall length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiouſneſſe* of the Theme, which *you firſt* propoſed to my thoughts, will I know be my ſufficient *excuſe*; though the *unpleaſantneſſe* of it, together with thoſe many other *buſineſſes* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford *you* an opportunity of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *ſuitably* to

my preſent *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what here I ſend you. I ſhall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviate* of what I have allready ſaid, or have more to ſay concerning the *Mix'd* theme of this letter.

§. 8. *The Concluſion and ſumme of all.*

I ſhall allwaies with all readineſſe Confeſſe that I *dare* not have a low eſteem of any of thoſe *Worthy* Perſons, whom the Allwiſe God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, ſeems to Commend both to *me* and *others*, as the moſt *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Onely I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *ſad experience* dayly ſhowes us what great reaſon we have ſo to pray) that they who *ſtand* both ſo *high* and ſo *Tickliſhly* may ever *take heed leſt they fall*. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place (though at that *height* he met with the moſt exemplary *Humility* that the world ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of Life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing muſt rationally be

though

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *successe* in overturning the *Bravest Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he despair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as easily twist and wrap himselfe about the *Gilded spire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the fairest *tree* in *Eden*; and questionlesse not seldome with as much unhappy *successe*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here, I am sure, he hath the *same* or *surer* holds to *fasten* upon, and *Climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The first assault he made, was upon an unspotted *Innocence* but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *Hoped Issue* of his temptation, he takes the Boldnesse to venture on an Infinite *Wisedome* in the Bosome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madded* with the *Shamefull* repulse, 'tis likely he will fall the more *desperately*, and so with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at best much *abated* by the base mixture and too excessive alloy of a

Beloved Folly. I wish it might be the *Gentleman's* good *Fortune* or *Courage* to *ward* the stroak, and come of *unhurt.*

When I hear this inferior *world* wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne* or *Diversory*; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage*, onely turns in to take a night's *lodging*, that so he may fit and dresse himselfe against the *Morning* for a *Better* Countrey; I am ready to take the *Boldnesse* to prosecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and I would fain say, that those *Glittering, spangled soules*, are most *Noble* and *Honourable*, which *Wise Nature* treats with the greatest *respect* and *Ceremonie*; those, for whom, as her *Chiefe Guests* she hath reserved her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes: that *these*, if any, are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world, to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* seems to pay a *reverence.*

These are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious state* and *Pomp*, that would almost perswade us they were sent hither on an *Ambassy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* seemingly too great for *Mortallity.* They are *admitted*

ted into the world by the moſt *beautifull gate* of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are *uſher'd* along with all that *Pompe* and *Magnificence*, which uſe to attend our *higheſt hopes* and moſt *teeming Expectations*; and are moſt ſignificant of our *greateſt joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and *they* welcomed hither, with a *long* and *Methodically order'd* train of *ſolemne* and *Honourable* both *Civill* and *Religious* Ceremonies. They are honourably placed in the moſt *richly* furniſhed, and *neatly* contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *wel-featured* Bodies; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *Better Nature*, hath beſt ſhown it ſelfe; theſe are Gloriouſly ſet forth by all thoſe moſt lively *Images* of *Majeſty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving: All theſe are more ſweetned, by a lovely *proſpect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *relliſh* to the gifts of *Nature*, preſents her ſelfe in all variety of *Dreſſes*, of *Riches*, *Pleaſures*, *Preferments*; ever creating ſuch ſtore of New-delights as may ſooneſt *win* upon the *ſenſe*, and beſt *recreate* the *ſoule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man ſeeing all

all this, think it possible, that after *Nature*, and *Fortune*, and the *Great God* of *Both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentleman's* welfare; and with so much *Charitable Importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of it's own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon *it selfe*; to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here* or Crown him *hereafter*, I mean his neer *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himselfe*, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yield to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the Courteous *Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicitie*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King* of *Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of *winning* a *Crown*, he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very

first

first ſtep; and ſit down to *reſt* him upon the firſt *cold ſtone* in his way, there flattering his *Childiſh Humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of ſome *Gariſh* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rationall ſoule* in him, Hope to find an *Happineſſe* in ſuch *toyes* adequate to the *Immenſe* deſires of an *Heaven-borne* ſubſtance? Alas, who is ignorant, that theſe *pretty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which ſo pleaſe us *here*, cannot in any reaſon be thought *more* (ſeldome ſo *much*) then the *ſmaller tokens* of a *Father's Love*, or an *Earneſt penny* to a future *Inheritance*; ſomething for the *Child* to *keep* his *purſe* with whileſt he is here at ſchool: Nay, they are ſo often *leſſe* then this, that they amount not to ſo much, as thoſe *leſſe* tokens, which we uſe to call the *Mother's Bleſſing*; but are rather like the *deceitfull* Gifts of a *Stepdame*, ſuch as a *braſſe ſhilling*, or a *Gilded Nutmeg*, the *ſlight kindneſſe* not of a *Fond* but a *diſſembling Fortune*: whereby the unwary *Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtleſſe, if the *Gentleman* find himſelfe to be ſo much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of *Heaven:* as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* then his poorer brethren: I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to *ſin*, but an *encouragement* unto *Holineſſe*, and to go on with *Cheerfulneſſe* to ſee what that *Good Father* has in ſtore for him in *Heaven*, who is ſo *liberall* to him *here* upon *Earth*. The Comfortable *warmth* of his *Proſperous* Condition, is indulged him, thereby to preſerve his ſoule, more *tender*, and *pliable*, *zealouſly* forward to receive both more *Generous* and more *pious impreſſions*: not to *ſcorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obſtinacy:* neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *ſoft* embraces of more *wanton* and *laſcivious* delights: or to *Diſſolve* his happineſſe into the *Aëry* and *ſhadowy* vanity of a *Carnall* pleaſure. The *Golden Foundation* being laid, God expects, he ſhould not ſo abuſe it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *ſtructure* then an *Heaven*. The right *uſe* of what he allready *enjoyes*, ought to *diſpoſe* his ſoule into a *Capacity* of receiving *more* and *better*, even of thoſe *ſpirituall* bleſſings which will ſet him up above the reach either of an *adverſe Fortune*, or a *Malicious Divell*. If

If the *Gentleman* would be perſwaded to caſt a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *ſtrange* thing to find him *beautified* above *other* men; certainly he would preſently conſider with himſelfe, that this *fine Outſide* was not the *onely* or *beſt* piece of worke *intended*, but there ſhould be a ſuitable *Inſide* too, ſuch as may make the *man* a fit *temple of the Holy Ghoſt* to reſide in: that this *ſtately* and *well-wrought Body* ſhould be but the externall *Embleme* of a more *Beutifull* and *Majeſtick ſoule*.

If it be his Good luck to find his way to *Paradiſe* ſtraw'd all over with *Roſes*: whilſt other poor ſoules are forced to run *Bare footed* through *Bryars* and *thiſtles*, *flints* and *Pibbles*; whereby their feet are often ſo *gall'd*, that their pace proves *ſlow*, and ſo *prick'd* and *ſcratch'd* that you may trace *them*, as they their *Saviour*, into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wiſely* to conſider, that this entertainment ſhould not *retard* him in his journey, neither make him Phancy that he is already *in* the *Garden*; and therefore may *ſit* down, or *rolle* his ſoule upon

upon these sweets to a *satisfaction*; alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the sooner will these *tender Blossomes fade* and *wither*: They are onely scatter'd in his paths, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be *restored* and *cherish'd*, that he *faint* not ere he reach that *garden* where growes the *Tree of life*, and *never-perishing Flowers* of *sweetest pleasures*, even *at God's right-hand for evermore.*

If the *Gentleman* may boast of his honourable descent, from a *vertuous*, and if so, a deservedly *renowned* family; how much will it concerne him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by *his* vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as *he?* It will certainly be a greater *disgrace* to *him*, when his *Son* shall be constrain'd to say, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *Glory*, that *he himselfe* can tell the world he had a Deserving *father*. Can he Imagine it halfe so *Creditable*, to swaggar it out with the *Old Name* and *Title* of his *rotting Ancestors*; as to manifest their yet *surviving Virtues* in himselfe their *Genuine off-spring*? What a pittifull Credit must it needs be for him, to show a

stranger

ſtranger a firme and ſubſtantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Anceſtors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and ſumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *ſuperſtructure*, *proportionable* to ſuch a *Ground-work*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perſwade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the means he uſes to make the world believe him, he ſeems not ſo well to Conſider. Is it a matter of ſuch Credit, to ſhow us, how well he can put on his *Fathers old Cloaths*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentilitie*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was *given* him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* doe, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Pariſh*? Let him ſay, what other *title* it is *he* can pretend to, who by his own *perſonall* merits cannot *purchaſe* his *name*? What does he leſſe then *Pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-man's table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has juſt ſo much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely *breaths* by the common and Ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People*. What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *dore* to *dore* for an *Almes* of *Honour*? One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Maſter*, a third a *Good-your-Worſhip*; and with theſe few *ſcraps* he makes a ſhift to preſerve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation*.

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity*, is not like to *grow* truly *great* in haſt: And a *Reputation* ſo long *worn* allready without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *Cloak* muſt needs be very *thread-bare*, that is ſo *old*, and has bin ſo *ill uſed*; It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *buying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather* which at beſt he can by his *ſcantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches*. His *Father's Honour* can be his but at *Second-hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to raunt it in a *Dead-man's ſuit*, and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his *father's death*, to *fright* the world by *appearing* in *his likeneſſe*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reallity* of what we *think* we *ſee* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Deluſion* of the

the *ſenſe*; we *catch* at a bare *Apparition* for a *ſubſtance*; or at beſt *graſp* a ſenſeleſſe *clod* of cold *clay* inſteed of a *Man*. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wiſh the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy *old ſcutcheons*, as he may *old Cloaks*, becauſe his *Merits* will not amount to the *price* of *New ones*. Whileſt he thus opens his *Preſſe*, and ſhowes it to be well-lined with the rich *apparell* of thoſe who lived *before* him, he does no more then what often his father's *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to doe: Nay I ſhall be bold to ſay it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himſelfe* or *me*, that he who ſhowes his *Father's Bearing*, without ſome *Honourable Addition*, *due* at leſt, if not *given*, to his *own* vertues, has but little more reaſon to boaſt of his *Gentility*, then his *Father's Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often obſerved to bear his *Maſter's Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earneſt Conſider, how much all *Wiſemen laugh at him*, even in his *Fineſt* Cloaths; and how much more all *Good men* doe *pitty* him, when they ſee him with all his *Borrow'd Bravery* delight to *tumble* in the *Mire*!

He

He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully *before* him, on what yet *remains* for *him* to doe, to *maintain* his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been allready done by his *Ancestors* to *purchase* it. *Honour* has a very *delicate* palate, and loves to feed upon *fresh Diet*; and very much *Nauseates* the *Moulded Offals* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Dishes* come to her *table*, neither can she subsist by *Chewing the Cud* after the largest *feasting* upon the *Grandfather's deserts*. The *sharp* teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers Ashes* are laid to *rest*, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps *alone* the *Honour* of the *Son* stands legible: It can be no *long-lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-man's Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concerne the *Gentleman* in due time at least to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that so he may transmit an *Honourable Memory* of his *name* to late *Posterity*, rather under his own *hand*, then his father's *Zeal*.

The *Stateliest* Pile, yields and stoops by little

little and little to the importunities of *Age:* And 'tis rare to see a building left by the *father* so *firme* and *weather-proof*, but it will require some *repairing* before the Death of the *Son.* A *Good-husband* will therefore make haſt even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a viſible *ruine*; knowing that it is a *Neceſſity* not deſerving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *declining* wall; Neither will a *Prudent* perſon *cover* a dangerous breach in the wall of his houſe with a ſuperficiall *plaiſter* or *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a falſe Opinion of his Counterfet *thrift* and *Providence*, 'till a ſudden *fall* of the whole houſe diſcover at once his *folly* and his *Policy*; In vain ſhall the *Gentleman* by the bare *ſhadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *ſubſtance*: He muſt by the *reall* and *undiſſembled* excellencies of a *Generous* ſoul, *ſincerely* devoted to the ſervice of *Religion* and *Vertue*, both adde many *Sollid Pillars* to ſupport the *Old*, and lay a firme *Baſis* for a *New* ſtructure.

A *Fathers good name* deſerves a *reverent* memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow leſſe renowned, by being

out-

out-ſhone in the *Son's virtues:* It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetuall *entailment* of *Honour* upon all ſucceeding *poſterity*; The beſt *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Leaſe* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at leaſt in every *life*; when a good round ſumme of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentleman's* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day*, to either of theſe, forfeits all.

It is no ſlight ſin to ſuppoſe *God* ſo vainly *Prodigall* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well diſpoſed of when placed in *Swines ſnouts*, where they onely ſerve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Ruſtick*, and *Plebeian* ſpirits fitted by the *hardneſſe* of their *Nature*, to *Dig* and *plow* the ground, theſe are the *Out-labourers* of God's great *Houſhold*, who by the greatneſſe of their *Neceſſary* Drudgery, take off much of the *Burden* from the more *refined* ſort of Mankind: The *Gentleman* God has choſen to be as it were the *ſteward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*; and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour a due discharge of so great a *trust*. No *Loyterer*, much lesse, a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithfull servants*. He then that thinks himselfe exempted from all that hardship which many others by a *leaden soul* and an *Iron Body*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *Naturally* or *Casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himselfe a *licence* to do *ill* or to doe *nothing*: If the *Gentleman* would be *valued* above others, it is but reason if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *Mettall* then others which is to be judged of, not by the *Colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentleman's Soul* sitting in his *beautifull Body*, like a *Breathlesse Idoll* of *Gold* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to be *worship'd* by *all*, but doe *good* to *none*: It is not fit it should be thought onely such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choisest of *Naturall endowments* and *Artificiall accomplishments*, *embellish'd* into something more then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a slight superficiall *glosse*, as may make *it*, as well as his *Body*, *admired* and *gazed* upon

by a few *Ignorant* worldlings; Neither ſhould it be his buſineſſe to get his *Body* alwaies *New-molded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Gauderies, Gorgeous Accoutrements*, and *Gingling trappings*, wherewith the *Levity* of *Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuſe* the *Modeſty* of Honeſt *Nature*: He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or *Body* then theſe, may ſtill be no more then a meer *Carcaſſe*, ſuch as, if it expreſſe any *motion*, ſeems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, ſprung from it's own *Corruption*, then by a true *Rationall ſoul* inſpired by *God Allmighty*. All the *Salt* of *Wit* and *Ingenuity* which ſuch a perſon uſually ſo much brags of, will not be enough to preſerve ſo *putrid* a Lump from *ſtinking* above ground.

In a word, *Sir*, the true *Gentleman* will labour ſo to qualify his *ſoul*, that he may be diſpoſed to doe a *ſervice* to his *God*, in ſome proportion anſwerable to thoſe ſeverall *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has ſo *bleſt* and grace'd him in the eye of the world: Seeing *God* has been pleaſ'd to advance him ſome degrees above the *Multitude*,

Multitude, he takes care to raise his *soul* too to that spirituall *hight* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holinesse*, that when thus advanced in *outward* Dignity, he may not seem a *Dwarfe on Horsesback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountifull Nature* will not put a man into a Capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse will *Idlenesse* and *Negligence*:- It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resigne himselfe wholy up with all his *pleasures* and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *Godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *Golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be as it were, midwised afresh unto such a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggarly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *Discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandall* to that *calling* he professeth. God Delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended either

by *nature* in a *Noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *Plenteous* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion graced* and *Credited*, with a long train of such as the *King hath delighted to Honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *Care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this *Nation*; such as may afford a *breeding* to our *Young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopefull* and *Generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, 'till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *Grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong* but also *Curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two Glorious Fabricks of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the speciall *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably borne*; so by his speciall *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *Glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largly and fully,

as

as a little *time*, leſſe *leiſure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; I have given you my preſent *thoughts* and *wiſhes* concerning our *Engliſh Gentleman*. I have ſent you (I fear) a very little *Kernell* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuſe whether you will take the pains to *Crack* it, or throw it into the *Fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my Confidence* of your *Goodneſſe*, has taught it to *ſpeak* and goe *abroad*; ſo does it now ſubmiſſively expect your *ſentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Doe what you will with all the *reſt*, ſo you doe but vouchſafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

Your moſt humble and
Obedient Servant.

The END.

The ERRATA.

The reader will frequently meet with a small Errata, which he may be pleased either to mend with his pen, or with lesse paines to pardon: one or two of the Grosser sort I have here noted to his hand.

Pag: 30. *Sect:* 2. *l:* 1. pro *as* r. *is*. *p:* 141. *l.* 22. *r:* *He owes*. *p:* 142. *l:* 5. *r:* State. *p:* 159. *l.* 4. *r.* *accoutred*. *p:* 194. *l:* 1. *r:* *is not*. *p:* 240. *l:* 12. *r:* *Shimeis*. *p:* 249. *l:* 10. *r:* *for*. *p:* 254. *l:* *penult:* *r:* *Seal*.